

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## BEATRICE CENCI.

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HARDLY think there is a person, who has seen the beautiful picture of Beatrice Cenci by Guido Reni, who has not admired the charming outlines of that angel-face, and the bewitching sweetness of those melancholy blue eyes! You look, and would fain look again, at the pensive face, in its white veil, as it exerts over you a mysterious fascination; and vainly you seek to discover the murderess under those fair and beautiful features. You only see the same modest, sweet face, shaded by the long fair curls, with the glory of perfect innocence about her brow, and wonder how such a lovely young creature could ever be thought a paricide!

Beatrice Cenci was born in Rome, of one of the wealthiest and most powerful families of the Roman nobility. Her father, Francesco, was notorious for his licentious life and numerous crimes; of a tall and handsome person, possessed of extraordinary strength and of rare acuteness and intelligence, he seemed to be the very personification of evil. His immense wealth, the high rank he occupied among the Roman barons, only served to foster the most diabolical passions. Every one trembled at his sight; and such was his audacity that he even kept an account-book of his murders, and of the money he gave to the different *bravi* who committed them. In those fearful times of debauchery and cruelty, no one ever equaled him—no one excited more terror! In truth, so numerous and so great were his crimes, that, notwithstanding the terror he inspired, he was several times arrested and imprisoned; but as often, by profusely lavishing his gold, he succeeded in bribing a justice he could not terrify,

and was subsequently acquitted. This was the man whom Beatrice was so unfortunate as to claim for her father.

Cenci had two daughters and four sons by his wife, a virtuous and accomplished lady of the noble family of Santa Croce; but he hated them all, and when erecting before his palace the beautiful church called St. Tommaso, had seven tombs of black marble placed in it, "wishing," he said, "to enjoy the sight of his family's graves." Just at this time, he became acquainted with Lucrezia Petroni, a handsome lady, remarkable for the extraordinary whiteness of her complexion. The count fell in love with her; but Lucrezia would not absolutely listen to a married man, and was even so imprudent as to say, that were he a bachelor, she would prefer to marry Satan himself. Francesco was so much piqued by this refusal, that he swore that he would marry the lady and make her repent her declaration. Accordingly, under the pretense of study, he ordered his three sons to leave Rome, and a few weeks after their departure a magnificent funeral was solemnized in the church of St. Tommaso. Count Cenci's wife was no more. But so sudden had her death been, that suspicions were generally awakened; and Olympia, her eldest daughter, terrified by this new crime, secretly fled from the palace, married a rich gentleman, and was so fortunate as to escape her father's vengeance.

And now Francesco began to feign an outward show of religion and penance, and succeeded, at length, in convincing every body that he was entirely changed, and that his love for Lucrezia had effected his conversion. The lady was touched by what she considered a true miracle, and consented, at last, to marry the count. As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, Count

Cenci thus greeted his second wife: "Madam, you rather wished to take the devil than me. I have purposely married you to show you that you were not mistaken." And he kept his word. . . . Meanwhile, Francesco's sons, left entirely destitute in a foreign country, were reduced to absolute misery, and were obliged to return as beggars to Rome, where their father cruelly refused to receive them. Shortly afterward, the two eldest were murdered, and Giacomo, the third, only escaped a similar fate by his retired life.

On hearing of his sons' death, Cenci could not restrain his joy; and he was heard to exclaim, with a fiendish laugh: "O, spirit of evil, grant me only one other favor: let me see the rest of my family lying in their sepulchers, and I promise thee, on my honor, to burn then my palace as a bonfire. But if this is denied to me; if I must die first, let me at least extend my hand out of my grave, and drag them all in by a bloody death!"

The count had now only two of his children left with him—Bernardo, a lad of eleven, and Beatrice; for Giacomo did not live in the palace, and only stealthily came now and then to visit his brother and sister. Beatrice was just in the bloom and charm of fifteen, and was endowed by nature with rare beauty. Love was in all her features, fascination in her smile, and the heavy masses of her golden hair encircled her as a hallowed aureole. Every one seeing her, could not but admire the perfect symmetry of her form, the natural dignity and grace of her movements, the unfathomable melancholy of her expressive blue eyes, which were constantly gazing up toward heaven, as if friendly voices were calling her thither. Though deprived, by her father's severity, of the education due to her rank, she yet possessed a natural penetration and sagacity which, joined to an animated manner, rendered her conversation quite interesting. She was mild, good, and religious, but of an extraordinary firmness and strength of character. She feared her father; she abhorred his cruelty, his crimes; she knew him capable of any excess; but her heart was so generous that she felt a deep pity for him, and every day prayed God to forgive and convert him.

Cenci soon became aware of his daughter's extraordinary beauty, and the idea of the only crime which perhaps he had not committed, crossed his perverted soul. His sternness toward Beatrice relaxed. He gave her the use of a private apartment, with a servant at her disposal, and the guileless girl rejoiced in the thought of having at length compelled her father to love her. How and when she discov-

ered the terrible truth, it is impossible to say; but though her innocent mind could not comprehend its horror, yet she understood enough to fathom the abyss before her. What nights and days of agony she passed can be easily conceived! Living in constant dread and apprehension, with no one to counsel or comfort her—for her father scarcely allowed her a word with any one—her life was indeed misery itself. This misery was still more increased by the frequency of her father's visits, who constantly tried to corrupt the pure young soul with his licentious indelicate allusions and immoral stories; but, notwithstanding the count's bold cynicism, an indignant look and a dignified movement of his daughter often compelled him to silence, when he would leave the apartment in a passionate rage at having a child so unlike himself.

Lucrezia vaguely suspected the new crime her husband was meditating; and to the intense disgust for the contemplated enormity, to the resentment she cherished for being so basely betrayed herself, was joined the greatest compassion for the poor innocent girl, over whose head such a terrible fate was impending. She relied, it is true, upon Beatrice's religious principles—upon her strength of character; but who could resist the count's vile arts? Lucrezia was perfectly aware that nothing would arrest him in the execution of his designs. How, then, was Beatrice to be saved? . . . She now devised one plan and then another, and ultimately remembered that her daughter-in-law had occasionally met with a certain Guerra, a comely, tall, intelligent youth, remarkable as Beatrice for his splendid golden locks and blue eyes, which is considered a rare beauty among the Romans.

Guido Guerra, the friend of Cenci's son, belonged to a noble and wealthy family, and though pursuing a theological course, had not yet pronounced his priestly vows, and was therefore still at liberty to marry. Guido had often expressed the high admiration he felt for Beatrice, who, on her part, had not been insensible to the young man's passionate looks and soft words. Lucrezia thought that if the two could be brought together, a marriage might easily be arranged and effected with the Pope's assistance. Olympia had thus been saved, and it was to be hoped that her sister would be fortunate as she.

Taking advantage of a few days' absence of her husband, she persuaded Giacomo to introduce Guerra into the palace. The two lovers thus permitted to see each other, soon discovered their mutual affection. Those were

happy moments for Beatrice,—alas! the few brief, happy moments she had ever enjoyed and was ever to enjoy on earth. Poor, withered rose, she revived under this warm ray of sunshine, and ventured to hope in a less gloomy future with the beloved one at her side. How often closing her eyes to shut out the sight of her detested dungeon-room, the sweet vision of love came as a refreshing balm to strengthen and cheer her desolate heart, and pictured to her fancy the charm of a home of her own, with liberty, flowers, with a hand pressing her hand, with a soft murmuring voice whispering fond accents, and the glorious blue eyes of Guido looking rapturously at her! The horrid palace of the Cenci, the abode of evil and crime, seemed then far away; but stern reality too soon destroyed the beautiful dreams, and utterly crushed her budding hopes.

Guido and Beatrice accordingly pledged their faith, and determined to send a petition to the Pope imploring his assistance. The count's return, however, frustrated all their plans; for he was apprised by his domestic spies of what had occurred during his absence, and not only redoubled his vigilance over his family, but dispatched a message to Guerra, that if he valued his life, to think no more of his daughter. Though Cenci's name inspired universal terror, the young man was courageous enough to defy the base threat; but fear of injuring Beatrice's good name made him control his anger, though he solemnly promised himself to save the unfortunate girl.

One evening, as Guido, in a peasant's costume, was lurking near the Cenci's palace, vainly endeavoring to catch a glimpse of his beloved, a man rapidly brushed by. "Here is a letter from Donna Beatrice," he said, and quickly disappeared. Guido hastily opened the paper, and read the few trembling lines: "If you do not wish to find me dead, come this night at one o'clock, in the garden, near the laurel grove." Startled at the unexpected message, the young man quickly returned to his palace, and, having well-armed himself, hastened to the garden-wall, and by the appointed time was in the laurel-grove. The two lovers were soon in each other's arms, and that blissful moment made them forget for awhile the sorrow of their long separation and the dangers that were surrounding them. But soon disengaging herself from Guerra's embrace, and tightly grasping his hand, Beatrice wildly exclaimed: "O, Guido, save me! Let us fly this very moment; the loss of a minute may be ruin to us. Nay, do not ask me any questions. I can not answer! Let us fly; this earth burns

my feet, the air I breathe is poison! Take me to a convent, anywhere, anywhere; but leave me not here!"

The young man was utterly bewildered by her incoherent speech, and only guessed that something terrible had happened. "Come, then," he resolutely said; "and may God help us." But they had scarcely moved a step, when the sarcastic voice of the count was heard crying out, fiercely: "Kill him; kill that impudent dog without mercy." The same man who had delivered Beatrice's message, now hurriedly accosted the terrified lovers. "Signor, save yourself, whilst I'll feign to pursue you;" and as Guerra resisted and clasped Beatrice closer to his heart, ready to defend her or die, he again exclaimed: "Fly, for God's sake; you will only be killed, and make matters worse for this unfortunate girl."

"If you love me, fly," added Beatrice, passionately; "save yourself, Guido, or I swear to die with you." Thus pressed on both sides, the young man, oppressed by a nameless anguish, gave a last adieu to his beloved, reluctantly climbed over the wall, and was soon out of danger, while the bravo enacted an imaginary pursuit throughout the whole garden.

Cenci, meanwhile, had called for lights, and now saw his daughter, pale and silent, before him; resembling more one of the beautiful white marble statues that adorned the splendid garden than a living being. Brutally seizing her arms, he dragged her toward the house, abusing her with profane and vulgar epithets, tearing her golden hair, and striking her on the face. "Begone," he then said to the other domestics; "and you, Marzio, accompany me." He then opened the gate of a subterranean passage, and, after walking a few steps, unbolted the iron door of a dark prison, and rudely thrusting his daughter inside, left her with these cruel words: "Go, you shameless girl; you will now see how Cenci revenges himself." Not a word had passed Beatrice's lips during this fiery ordeal; but the cup was now too full—she fainted with pain and terror.

Exhausted by his rage, Francesco retired to his apartment and threw himself on his bed. When he awoke from his short and troubled sleep, a pale ray of light, coming from the east, announced that morning was near. The count quickly prepared to rise; but a sudden pain in his foot, from which he had always suffered, but which was now intensified by the cold night air, obliged him to sit down again. Finding it impossible to move, after cursing frantically, he called Marzio, and ordered him to carry some bread and water to his daughter's prison. The

bravo joyfully obeyed, happy to find so soon an opportunity of helping his unfortunate mistress.

When Marzio opened the dungeon's door, he saw Beatrice lying motionless on the ground, covered with blood. Large drops of tears fell on his weather-beaten face as he raised the beautiful, almost lifeless form, and endeavored to restore her to her senses. "Guido, O Guido, art thou still living?" were Beatrice's first words. "Cheer up; Guido is safe. I spoke with him but an hour since," replied the bandit. "This is, perhaps, the last service I shall render you," added he, with trembling voice; "for I am going to leave this diabolical house."

"Will you also forsake me, Marzio?" said the unfortunate girl, in a pleading voice, pressing his rough hands between her delicate fingers; "you, the only person on whom I can here rely for help. Why, then, did you recall me to life? Death was so sweet for such an outcast as I; my sufferings would at least have been ended!"

Marzio was vainly trying to struggle with his emotion. "Hear me," he at length gasped; "I am now going to confess to you what nobody would ever suspect. Do you know why I am in this palace?" and his eyes dilated with such fury that the terrified girl shrunk back. "I am here to fulfill a terrible vow, and this vow is to accomplish the count's murder!"

"My father's!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Nay, do not interrupt me. My sad story will not absolve me, but will perhaps arrest on your lips the words of execration and horror.

"I was born in the Kingdom of Naples, of an honest peasant. My father, unfortunately, died when I was still a boy, and my mother, who adored me, satisfied my least caprice. But caprices soon became vices. I listened to profligate companions, and in a short time not only dissipated my small fortune, but found myself deeply in debt. My friends then disappeared, and were replaced by greedy creditors. We were mercilessly driven from our humble cottage, and I was obliged to take my poor sick mother on my arms and carry her to the neighboring hospital, while the children laughed and threw stones at us. To this wretched condition had I, her beloved son, reduced my aged parent! . . . On the way, I was seized by the police-officers, compelled to leave there the invalid woman, and dragged to prison. Her desperate sobs and heart-rending accents haunt me still;" and Marzio dried the cold drops of sweat that were oozing on his forehead.

"I succeeded in escaping from my prison,

and became a brigand, and now revenged myself on those who had laughed at our misery. Every day was marked by a new murder! . . . The place being at length no longer safe for me, I flew into the Roman provinces, and engaged in a troop of banditti. My thirst of blood was now extinguished, and I began to be subject to a pervading melancholy, which made me acutely feel my utter loneliness. One evening, as I was sitting at a short distance from the forest, gloomily brooding over my past life, with its bloody phantoms rising before me, my heart was suddenly enraptured by the sweetest vision I had ever seen.

"A young girl, with a pitcher on her head, was slowly walking toward the fountain. Though burned by the sun, she strikingly resembled you, Madonna, and her budding beauty combined in a rare degree the power to attract and to grow upon the sense of whomsoever beheld her. I looked at her, as the wearied traveler in the parched desert looks at the verdant oasis which will restore his strength. She quickly recognized me for a brigand, but was not afraid. Poverty was her safeguard, and her virtue was protected by her courage, and by the stiletto which she wore in her hair. 'May God bless you!' she sweetly murmured, passing by. My eyes followed her as she disappeared behind the trees, and then I seemed to awake as if from a blissful dream. From that day I was entirely changed! Evening after evening I came to the fountain to admire Annetta, daughter of a poor shepherd of the neighboring village of Vittana. No word had yet been exchanged between us, but the remembrance of her affectionate looks cheered my solitary existence.

"One day, summoning up all my courage, I accosted her, and, taking her hand, led her before a rude image of the blessed Virgin, which was nailed to an oak near by.

"Annetta, I said, 'you are certainly aware of my love for you. I had promised myself never to disclose this secret: for what else have I to offer except poverty, dishonor, and shame; and what girl would join her life to mine, but—'

"Do not continue, Marzio," interrupted Annetta; 'I fancied that my eyes had already told you the truth. I prefer sorrow and misery with you to comfort and joy with others. If the constables will seek you, we will hide together, or die if necessary. But what I fear more than earthly justice, is God's anger; we can not hide from him, for he sees every thing. But, Marzio, a single tear of penance may obtain your forgiveness.'

"Thus spoke this simple country girl; and at



her words the divine grace came into my soul. Before the sacred image I promised her to leave my companions as soon as I could do it without exciting their suspicion, and then to marry her. As a pledge of my faith, I gave her a simple gold ring, once my mother's, and received in exchange a lock of her long, silky hair.

"A few days afterward, my chief ordered me in the Abruzzi. In a week I was back, and I hastened, trembling with joy, to the Virgin's oak. At the foot of the tree I found Annetta. I found her, O God! but murdered, the dagger still fixed in the gory wound!"

And violent sobs interrupted Marzio's words. After a short silence, he continued, in a subdued, hoarse voice:

"I took my beloved in my arms, carried her to the village, and had her buried in the humble grave-yard. When the earth had covered her beautiful form, my agony was so great that I fell senseless on the ground. When I recovered my senses, I found myself leaning on the old curate. Every one around me was weeping and endeavoring to comfort me; but their words did not even reach my ears. I kissed the last resting-place of Annetta, and silently departed.

"My constant thought, however, was to discover how my beloved had been killed. I heard by chance that, a few weeks ago, Count Cenci had arrived at Rocca Petrella. His passage was generally marked by fire and blood, and an inner voice whispered to me, *He is the murderer!* Day and night I hovered, like a bird of prey, round the castle, and succeeded, at length, in taking one of the count's *bravoes*. I terrified him with my fierce threats, and gathered from him the whole dreadful story. Your father had seen Annetta, and had been charmed by her beauty; but not being able to seduce her, either by presents or menaces, had her carried to his house. The courageous girl successfully resisted his violence, and threatened him with my vengeance, which so exasperated Cenci that, seizing his dagger, he stabbed her to the heart. He had her then transported to the Virgin's oak, where, after insultingly striking the corpse with his foot, he nailed it to the ground with the same dagger which had killed her, exclaiming meanwhile, 'When your husband will come, you will also tell him this!'

"I shuddered at the horrid tale, and, taking with me the most daring of my companions, ran to the castle, assaulted, and burned it; but the count had already fled, and thus escaped my just vengeance. I was not, however, discouraged. Having cut my hair and beard, I started for Rome, and was so lucky as to be immediately hired as a servant by your father.

I had decided to deprive him one by one of the objects of his affection, and to kill him only after having inflicted on him a cruel and protracted agony. What was my astonishment on discovering that he abhorred his children more than I did, and that their death would only be a blessing to him! A great pity then took the place of my intense hatred—pity and love, especially for you, Madonna, who remind me so much of my dear departed." And Marzio cast a grateful look to Beatrice, whose large eyes were overflowing with tears of sympathy.

"You now understand why I feel obliged to leave this house. I can not relinquish my vengeance, and yet I have not the courage to kill your father under the same roof you inhabit."

In vain Beatrice, with touching words and entreaties, tried to shake his resolution, and urged him to forgive her father; the *bravo* was immovable. The savage instincts of the man had been again awakened by the recital of the horrid crime. He tearfully kissed the hand of his mistress, and departed, vowing to kill the count, or perish in the attempt.

A few days after these events, Cenci, having recovered from the pain in his limb, ordered his family to follow him to Rocca Petrella. He fancied the lonely desert place a more suitable spot for the execution of his dishonorable designs upon Beatrice. Marzio, who had been apprised of the plan, summoned some of his old associates, and decided to waylay the count, kill him, and thus deliver his family from such a loathsome tyrant. But he was again baffled; for Francesco unexpectedly postponed his journey.

The Rocca Petrella was situated in a dreary and solitary country, at the foot of the Abruzzi. It was surrounded by dark forests—the refuge of the terrible banditti of Naples and Rome. This castle had formerly belonged to the Colonna family, who had rendered it famous by their crimes; and Francesco Cenci had well confirmed, by his cruelties, the surname of Rocca Ribalda, which the peasants had given it. This was the new dwelling, or rather dungeon, of Beatrice and Lucrezia. They both entered it with the darkest forebodings, and felt their courage fail at the sight of the somber, decayed rooms, whose neglected furniture still showed the marks of Marzio's vengeance. Beatrice was immediately shut up by her father in a distant room, and subjected to every species of violence and ill-treatment. She was permitted to see no one. Her cruel father even gave her to understand that Guido had been killed by his order, and that nothing could now rescue her from his powerful grasp. It is impossible to relate the thousand diabolical ways by which

Francesco endeavored to overcome his daughter's firmness. The little that was known in the trial filled every one with horror and dismay. Beatrice's reason nearly gave way under the repeated blows; now she fancied herself dead, now she saw bloody phantoms beckoning to her; and more than once, in her delirium, tried to kill herself, but fortunately did not succeed.

Beatrice is lying on her bed. Sleep—that sleep which, alas! she dreads—has, for a moment, allayed her sorrow and brought her rest and oblivion. Misfortune has indeed touched the fair but unfortunate girl, but has not yet dared to defile the pure, intellectual brow. As her head reclines languidly on her pillow, her golden hair falling in luxuriant tresses over her fair shoulders, the Veiled Venus of the Greeks is not more beautiful than she. The door softly opens, and an elderly man, wrapped in a rich embroidered cloak, enters the room. He noiselessly approaches the bed, and contemplates his sleeping daughter with a sinister, significant smile. Sleep, Beatrice, sleep! Better for thee not to see that face—not to read the meaning of those fiendish eyes. Again the door opens, and a tall, handsome youth stealthily enters, and cautiously glances round the room. The serpent is preparing to seize his prey. Quick as lightning, the youth lifts his dagger, and it disappears in Cenci's throat. The old man staggers and falls. The noise awakens Beatrice; she opens her eyes, and, seeing her lover, extends her arms toward him with a cry of joy. Guido looks at her, then at the corpse, and flies terrified. What does it mean? . . . Is she dreaming still? Looking around, she sees a dark form stretched upon the floor. Tremblingly approaching it, she recognizes the corpse of her father. . . . This shock was too great for Beatrice's overstrained nerves and weakened mind. Utterly stupified, pale, and motionless, she seemed the very image of Terror. She suffered herself to be led away, and was soon a prey to a burning fever, utterly unconscious of what was passing around her.

Donna Lucrezia, greatly alarmed for the honor and safety of her step-daughter, had written to Giacomo Cenci and to Guerra, and that same night had secretly introduced them into the castle, accompanied by Marzio and by another *bravo* named Olimpio. They discussed the means of saving the miserable girl, and Guido was sent to open her prison. Desperation and fury seized him at the sight of the count, whose contemplated crime was written on every lineament, and the young man, blinded by passion, killed the wretch to save the honor of his beloved. At the news, Marzio and Olimpio has-

tened to the spot. "Alas! why could I not have killed him?" exclaimed the former, plunging his dagger through Cenci's heart to assure himself that he was really dead.

It was now found necessary for the general safety to conceal the terrible tragedy of that eventful night; and the corpse was accordingly taken to the garden, under a half-ruined terrace, and left hanging on a tree, the branches sticking in the wounds. Olimpio and Marzio departed as secretly as they had come, largely rewarded by Giacomo and Guerra; and these two hastily returned to Rome. Early in the morning, the servants discovered their master's dead body, and imagined he had fallen from the ruined terrace, and thus killed himself. Great was the peasants' joy when they heard of this, and the story was universally believed; for it was known that the suspicious count was in the habit of walking during the night throughout the castle, and most of the ignorant, superstitious people were even convinced that the devil had, at length, come to carry him away to the infernal regions.

Olimpio and Marzio fled to Naples, and shortly afterward were preparing to leave Italy, when the first was killed in a gambling-house, and the second suddenly arrested. A red cloak he generally wore, and which had once belonged to Count Cenci, together with some imprudent words of Olimpio, had awakened the justice's suspicions. Marzio was subjected to the horrid process of torture, and signed whatever confession was dictated to him, only begging as a favor to be immediately killed. His testimony was, however, of too much importance, and he was sent to Rome under a strong escort.

The Cenci family, meanwhile, had returned to Rome. Giacomo had inherited his father's estates, and come to occupy his ancestor's splendid palace. His sister was slowly recovering her former health and freshness; and though a somber melancholy had taken possession of her, caused, as every one thought, by her father's tragical death, she was so lovely, such a nameless charm was spread over her fair features, that many a young nobleman could not resist the spell, and secretly envied Guido, who was considered her accepted suitor. Every thing was thus smiling around this unfortunate family; but security was not in their heart. And, though they affected an outward calmness, they were not free from certain vague fears and apprehensions. Beatrice, especially—pure, innocent Beatrice—separated from her lover by an insurmountable gulf, was agitated by gloomy presentiments.

One evening, as they were all sitting together in the large hall of the palace, the house was surrounded by police-officers, and the whole family arrested and carried to prison. What were Beatrice's feelings in this terrible emergency, can easily be imagined. From her infancy she had been a nursling of grief; and now the iron hand of misfortune had again seized her, never to release her until death. When entering her dreary dungeon, she gave a last lingering look at the beautiful Italian sky, resplendent with myriads of brilliant stars, exclaiming, like Christ, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" Francesco's daughter was brought before her judges, and defended herself with such pathos and eloquence that she moved even those cold-hearted men. Questioned on Marzio's confession, she absolutely denied the truth of it, and asked to be confronted with him. At her sight, the *bravo* recovered his lost courage, and, retracting his former words—spoken, he said, when on the verge of madness—he utterly exculpated the Cenci family. Vainly the most atrocious tortures were tried upon him. His dying words asserted Beatrice's innocence, thus, by his courageous death, atoning in part for his bad life, and for his cowardliness when first arrested.

The Roman people had taken a vivid interest in the Cenci family, and particularly in Beatrice, whose extraordinary beauty and kind heart was admired by every one; and it was generally hoped that Marzio's constancy in proclaiming their innocence, and Guerra's influence and incessant endeavors, would speedily obtain their acquittal. But fate had ordained otherwise! The immense riches possessed by this family were coveted by a high dignitary of the Popish Court. No occasion could be more favorable for stripping them of their fortune. Their death was accordingly decided; and, under pretense of restraining the numerous crimes that were daily occurring in Rome, the Pope was induced to act on this occasion with unwonted severity.

The president of the tribunal, a good and humane man named Moscati, was accordingly replaced by the cruel and ferocious Luciani, who, to gain the sovereign's favor, resolved in his mind that, guilty or not, the Cenci should be condemned. To begin with, he ordered the immediate imprisonment of Guido Guerra; but the young man was so fortunate as to escape under the disguise of a coal-dealer. He then had the Cenci brought before him, and put to the rack. Giacomo and Lucrezia Petroni, after being put to the torture, instead of imitating Marzio's noble fortitude, confessed what their

judges wished, and Bernardino, a lad of twelve, followed their example. It was now Beatrice's turn to appear before the terrible Luciani. Knowing her courage during the precedent trial, he was decided to use every means in his power to conquer her undaunted spirit. To all his questions the girl replied in a calm and dignified manner, and her frank answers clearly proved her innocence; but, unfortunately, her judge was determined not to be convinced. He commanded the application of torture, ordering to increase it gradually if the lady persisted in her denial.

Beatrice—the beautiful Beatrice, the idol of the Roman youths, who would have been enraptured if only allowed to touch the hem of her dress, or kiss the tip of her delicate fingers—was brutally seized by the rough hands of the tormentor, disrobed of her garments, and submitted to the most excruciating pains. Still she retained her fortitude, fervently calling on the Almighty not to forsake her. The heroism of this Roman girl was indeed admirable; for as long as she was able to speak, she constantly affirmed her innocence. The sight of her sufferings and of her mangled body moved even the tormentor, and he declared that if the torture was continued a moment longer, she would certainly die.

This was not what the judges desired. Luciani especially felt irritated beyond expression in being, for the first time in his life, baffled by a woman—a mere girl. There he sat grinding his teeth for rage, looking fiercely at his victim, while some restoratives were given to her. Suddenly his eyes gleamed with a malignant joy, and, hastily rising, he left the tribunal. The cruel president turned his steps to the part of the building containing the prisons of the Cenci, and had them opened. Great was the happiness of the poor wretches, in meeting again. They kissed and wept over each other, though the heavy chains with which they were laden scarcely allowed them the use of their limbs. When this first outburst of tenderness was over, Luciani, assuming a compassionate voice, told them that the Pope had decided to pardon the whole family, provided they humbled their pride and owned their crime; but that Beatrice's obduracy and obstinacy would certainly destroy the sovereign's good-will. He entreated them, therefore, to join him in begging the imprudent girl to plead guilty, and thus save herself as well as her relatives.

Giacomo and Lucrezia, weakened both in mind and body by their long sufferings, readily believed his words, and joyfully followed him before the court of justice. What was their



grief in seeing Beatrice's pitiful condition! Their tears fell afresh at the sight, and, kneeling round the martyr-girl, they besought her to resist no longer. She gazed at them with painful surprise, exclaiming: "What, do you really ask me to ruin my good name, my honor; and do you flatter yourself to be then restored to liberty? O, do not believe it! No good ever came from a lie. Rather look at me, and learn how to die!" They insisted, however, with such pleading accents, with so many pressing arguments, that, for their sake, Beatrice at length consented to acknowledge her guilt—that she had murdered her father to defend her honor. "May this sacrifice at least save you all," she said, sadly kissing the young Bernardino, "and thus enable me to bear the scorn of men!"

Guido, though a fugitive, had not ceased to act in behalf of his beloved. First of all, he publicly declared that he was the true murderer of the count, and was on the point of delivering himself up to justice; but his friends showed him the rashness of a step which would only result in his death without saving either his bride or her family, while if free he could be of real service to them. Guerra yielded to these just reasons; but in his heart he vowed to save Beatrice, or die in the attempt. Using, therefore, all the influence of his powerful family, and profusely lavishing money, he obtained, as a great favor, that the parties accused should be defended by the best Roman lawyers, promising them immense rewards if successful. Farinacci, the most distinguished of these, a courageous and eloquent man, advised the Cenci to persist in their last declaration; for there was a law which fully acquitted a maiden that killed a man to defend her honor.

The last day of the trial at length arrived, and the sentence was death! Great was the indignation of Rome at this positive injustice. Murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard everywhere; for all the particulars of Count Cenci's dissolute life had been divulged, and a general pity was felt for the condemned. Farinacci hastened to court, and begged hard, on his knees before the Pope; but in vain. The whole nobility of Rome followed his example, but with no better success. The execution was ordered for the morrow!

Beatrice was sleeping calmly in her dungeon. The rest, after the terrible days of suffering and torture, had restored part of her strength, and brought back a faint bloom on her cheeks. Alas! why was not this quiet slumber changed to eternal sleep? . . . The young girl slowly opened her eyes, and observed, with much

surprise, two friars kneeling in a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" she hastily exclaimed, rising from her couch. One of the unknown lowered his hood, and disclosing the features of a venerable white-bearded man, said:

"I am a poor servant of God Almighty, and here am I come to offer you the help of my ministry." Beatrice stared at him with breathless surprise, and read her fate in his pale, sad face. She trembled all over, as if the cold hands of Death had grasped her already, and as if she would fall. "Courage, my daughter," added the monk, "you are a martyr on earth; but a heavenly reward awaits you. Do not let your vile judges exult over your weakness. God will give you strength and fortitude."

These words revived Beatrice's courage, and by a violent effort she succeeded in recovering her self-command. A judge then entered, and read the awful sentence. She listened with great composure, and then turning toward Padre Angelico begged his assistance to prepare for the solemn moment. They were left alone, and the young girl was soon lost in deep thought. The sound of smothered sobs made her raise her eyes.

"Who weeps in this prison?" she said; "who weeps for Beatrice?" and, looking round, she saw a muffled figure kneeling in the farthest corner of the room. "My father, who is that man?" she eagerly inquired.

"One whom you must deeply pity, my daughter; for he is unutterably miserable."

"Guido!" she exclaimed; and the young man threw himself at her feet. "You here! But you peril your life."

"O, Beatrice, life is nothing now to me! Willingly would I sacrifice it to save you. If a last faint hope did not support me, here would I die at your feet. . . . But do not turn your eyes from me; grant a last look of pity to the wretch who caused your misery."

"Guido," the girl answered, her eyes overflowing with tears, "Guido, in my heart I have long forgiven you; for I well understood that you loved me too much to see me dishonored. Now that I am on the verge of eternity, I can tell you that I love you still; that I love you perhaps more than ever before. Death is indeed sweet to me—sweeter than you think; for here on earth we should have been divided, while in heaven we shall be forever joined. God will accept my cruel death as an expiation for your sin. Look! this is your bridal ring; it will follow me in the tomb."

"You must now part," interrupted the monk, "or we shall be discovered." And as the young



man resisted, he gravely added, "Have you so soon forgotten the sacred promise you made me this morning, when your tears and entreaties induced me to bring you here?" and, taking Guerra's arm, he gently led him to the door.

"Farewell, farewell, Guido," sobbed the miserable girl, her strength forsaking her for a moment, "we shall meet in heaven!" Guido was not able to answer. His whole frame was quivering with pain and agony, and he gazed wildly at this beautiful young flower, so soon to be cut from its stem. He passionately kissed his beloved's hands, and rushed out of the room.

Lucrezia Petroni was now allowed to see her step-daughter. As soon as she entered the prison, she fell on her knees before Beatrice, exclaiming:

"Our advice has caused your death. Can you ever forgive us, my daughter?"

"Rise, I beg you," answered Beatrice, kissing her affectionately. "I pardon you from the bottom of my heart. And now let us prepare to meet our fate with courage."

The two ladies spent these last moments of their life praying together, and preparing simple dark gowns, not wishing to walk to the scaffold in all the gay finery then in fashion at Rome. They also made their will, and disposed of small trinkets for those who had served them during their imprisonment.

Giacomo and Bernardino, meanwhile, escorted by a large troop of soldiers, and many brothers of the Misericordia (whose pious office it was to comfort and assist the condemned persons), had been taken out of the prison of Tordinona, where they had been transferred, and chained on a miserable car. Only a few steps divided them from the place of execution; but, to prolong their agony, they were led through all the principal streets, thus making a large circuit; they did not, however, lose their courage, and even Bernardino showed a fortitude uncommon at his age. The funeral procession now approached the palace of the Cenci, and Giacomo felt a sharp pang at his heart at the sight of his wife and children, dressed in deep mourning, kneeling on the threshold. "Husband! father!" they desperately exclaimed, and Cenci, utterly unnerved, extended his chained arms toward them, begging to be allowed to kiss them once more. The soldiers brutally refused; but the people grew so enraged that it was deemed prudent to grant this request. The unfortunate father had the comfort of embracing for the last time all he loved, all he was going to leave; and for what?—death! It was an awful, heart-rending scene, indeed; the wife falling senseless at his

feet, and the children clinging frantically around him.

The soldiers resumed their march, and stopped before the prisons of Porta Savella. The gates immediately opened, and first appeared Lucrezia, dressed in black, with a long veil of the same hue; after her came Beatrice, in a dark violet gown, a white veil covering her beautiful head, while her golden hair seemed already encircling her in a halo of glory. At this moment an officer hurriedly galloped by, and showed an order of the Pope by which he changed the death-sentence of Bernardino to perpetual imprisonment, ordering him, however, to be present at the execution of his relatives. This was the only thing that had been obtained from the Pope; and many persons thought, and justly too, that the second punishment was far more cruel than the first.

The ladies were ordered to walk behind the car, and the procession soon arrived on the piazza of Castle St. Angelo, where the scaffold had been erected. The throng of people was so great that the guards could scarcely open the way through them, and it was with difficulty that they arrived near a small chapel—the last resting-place of the Cenci—from whence they were to be led one by one to execution. A growing murmur, as of a coming storm, was rising from this dense mass of persons; suddenly a great movement was discernible, and a party of savage-looking men, with a vine-leaf in their hat, and armed with stilettoes, were observed advancing toward the procession. This was a troop of banditti, enlisted by Guido to save his bride; they used their weapons with such skill that they soon reached Beatrice and carried her off. A universal shout of joy was heard, and the people, by preventing the soldiers' pursuit, tried to help the flight of the unfortunate girl.

Guerra, mounted on a fiery steed, was now endeavoring to reach his beloved. Already had he grasped her—already she thought herself safe, and hoped for liberty and life; but it was destined that the love of men should be as fatal to Beatrice as their hatred. Another troop of young men had appeared on the other side of the piazza; they wore a white plume, and were armed with daggers. This party was principally composed of artists, and of several youths of the most powerful Roman families. Ubaldo Ubaldini—a young, but distinguished painter—was one of their leaders, and was ready with a carriage to receive Beatrice. The people, pressed and wounded on both sides, now fairly gave way, and flew in every direction—thus again separating Guido from his

bride, and allowing fresh supplies of soldiers to join their comrades and attack the small troop who had come to the rescue of Beatrice. Ubaldini, from the carriage, saw the aspect of affairs, and called to his companions to desist; but the noise and uproar drowned his voice. The young man, who was passionately in love with Francesco's daughter, rushed frantically against the soldiers, madly hoping to hold them in check; but he received two saber cuts, which threw him, half dead, on the ground. His companions, thinking him killed, fled; but the brigands still resisted desperately. Their courage was doubled by the interest they felt for the unfortunate girl, and by the princely reward Guerra had promised them. Beatrice was alternately passing into the hands of her friends and then of her foes—now on the brink of safety, now at the foot of the scaffold. Guido's horse—a fiery, unmanageable steed, already wild with the noise and the fight—received several wounds, which enraged him to such a degree that the young man lost all command over him, and was carried here and there by the furious animal. His eyes met Beatrice's, now in the constable's power, and the lovers exchanged the last farewell glance. Their whole life and love was concentrated in that look, and the maiden pointed with a sad smile to heaven—the haven after so stormy and troubled a life.

The soldiers, being now masters of the field, escorted the Cenci to the chapel; and Bernardino, who was to be present at his relatives' execution, was brought upon the scaffold, and placed at the side of the executioner. The boy was nearly senseless, and trembled all over; he tried to hide his face in his cloak, whilst convulsive sobs heaved his breast. Even savages would not have compelled an innocent child to witness the execution of his whole family; but this act of barbarity was called mercy—justice! Lucrezia Petroni now came out of the chapel, and courageously ascended the scaffold. Her head was severed from her body, held up before the people, and the corpse carried to an adjoining church. Beatrice was devoutly praying when the guards entered to fetch her; she inquired after her mother, and affectionately kissing her brother, Giacomo, who was mournfully weeping near her—"Do not grieve for me, dearest," she said; "I do not fear death, for we shall see each other again in a happier world." She thus calmly walked to the place of execution, quickly ascended the scaffold, and, after softly kissing Bernardino, turned to the spectators, exclaiming, "I am innocent; I swear it before God Almighty!" She then kneeled to receive the fatal blow. The ax

flashed, and the beautiful head was severed from the body; but before the executioner had soiled it with his touch, Padre Angelico gently took it in his hands, wrapped it in the white veil, exclaiming, "This is the head of Donna Beatrice Cenci—a martyr!"

Bernardino had now fainted for the second time; and it was only with great pains that the brothers of the Misericordia made him recover his senses. The corpse of his sister was immediately removed, and the scaffold prepared for the terrible torture Giacomo was to endure. The heart shudders, and the trembling hand refuses to describe such cruelties. It is sufficient to say, that Cenci was knocked down with a club, slaughtered like an ox, disemboweled and quartered in the presence of the whole people, and before his unfortunate brother, who was covered all over with the warm blood, and carried back to prison in a state of delirium.\* It was only several years after these events that Bernardino was at length set at liberty.

The young painter Ubaldini was transported to his sister's house, in a desperate condition. He wildly called for his pencils, and with his dying hands sketched, to perfection, Beatrice's lovely face. When the policemen entered the house to arrest him, Ubaldini was just expiring, his lips pressed on the drawing. This sketch, given by Cardinal Barberino to Guido Reni, was the original of that beautiful picture so much admired in the Barberino Gallery.†

The Cenci were buried with extraordinary pomp; and Beatrice's corpse, covered with flowers, and accompanied by numerous ladies and noblemen, was, according to her wish, carried to the Church of St. Peter, in Montorio, where Tasso lived, and interred before the great altar, under the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, now in the Vatican Gallery. The whole Roman population came to weep a last adieu over the innocent victim; but when the crowd had retired, a young man hastily entered the church: his garments were soiled and torn, his hair disheveled, his looks wild and haggard, and large drops of blood fell from a severe wound he had on his forehead. Frantically flinging himself near the dead girl, he wildly cried: "Here am I, Beatrice! Here is the wretch who caused thy death! I could not save thee, but I will die with thee." And his dagger already touched his heart, when a hand suddenly

\* Giacomo had also been condemned to have his flesh torn off with red-hot pinchers during the walk to the scaffold, but some writers affirm that this torture was spared him.

† Many persons believe that Guido Reni himself pictured Beatrice while in prison; but this can not be true, as the celebrated painter was at the time in Bologna.

arrested his, and the venerable figure of Padre Angelico stood before him. "Guido," he exclaimed, "are you going to commit another sin? This angel," and he pointed to Francesco's daughter, "orders you to live and to expiate your crime, so that when the Almighty will be pleased to call you, you may at least join her in a better world! Here is a last token of her affection," and the monk handed to Guerra a long, soft golden curl, which the young man passionately kissed. "Promise me," he gravely added, "promise me, on the corpse of your beloved, to obey her orders. Think that she is now looking at you from heaven, and waiting for you there." Guido could not resist these solemn accents, and swore to live; he spent the whole night weeping and praying near the coffin, and on the morning left Rome, and retired to the mountain of St. Bernard, where his courage and devotion in rescuing perishing travelers, and his constant piety, must surely have obtained for him God's forgiveness.

Thus was Count Cenci's wish accomplished; thus did he extend his hand out of his grave, and drag in his children by a bloody death!

#### OUR PASTOR'S VACATION FOR REST.

BY JAMES R. TAYLOR GRAY.

THE pastor of the Church of which I am a member, has just left my office. He came in, very unexpectedly, an hour ago. I supposed him to be rusticiating somewhere, as, seeing that he was overworked, I had ordered him to leave the city, and not to think of preaching for a month. Less than two weeks ago he had called to say good-bye; and I supposed that for two weeks to come I should not see his pleasant face. I was, therefore, quite surprised when he made his appearance this morning.

"Why, brother C.," said I, "I thought you were hundreds of miles away! What has brought you back so soon?"

"The truth of the matter is, Doctor, that I have come back in order to escape being worked to death!"

"I did not send you away to work, but to rest," said I.

"I know you did; but unfortunately I could not find any place to rest, and, consequently, here I am."

I noticed that he seemed amused as he mentioned the reason of his return, and therefore asked him to give me an account of his experiences, which he did, in the following manner:

"You remember, Doctor, that when I called

to say good-bye, I told you that I was going to the town of W. I had selected it, not only because I desired to visit the attractions in its neighborhood, but also because, as it is not in our Conference, I thought I should be unknown to the ministers and members of our Church, and should escape solicitations to preach. I carefully removed all signs of my profession from my dress. I took off my white neck-tie, and put on a rather flashy bow. I forsook broadcloth for 'pepper and salt,' and exchanged my high hat for a broad-brimmed straw. I imagined that nobody would take me for a minister from my appearance. On my way to the depot I met brother K., who would have passed me without recognition, had I not accosted him. After surveying me from head to foot, he said:

"'Going fishing?'"

"'Yes,' said I; 'fishing for rest.'"

"Confirmed by this in my belief that my appearance would not betray me, I passed on well satisfied. With anticipations of rest and enjoyment, I took my seat in the cars. I felt almost like a school-boy at the beginning of his vacation. I mentally thanked you, Doctor, for having given me such good advice. I enjoyed the fierce rush of the train. When we reached the mountains, I stood on the rear platform and actually found myself whistling a tune that I never heard sung in prayer-meeting, though I have heard much poorer ones sung there.

"Just about sunset, I reached the town of W. Inquiring the way to the best hotel, I started to walk to it. I had gone only a short distance, when, turning a corner, I found myself face to face with brother T. He looked at me as though he doubted the evidence of his own eyes. His evident bewilderment was too much for my gravity. I laughed, and said:

"'Do n't you know me?'"

"'I do now,' said he; 'but I was doubtful at first. What in the world are you doing in that 'rig?'"

"'I am trying to pass myself off as plain Mr. C. I want to spend a few weeks here in my own way. I want to go to church next Sunday, sit quietly in a pew, and hear somebody else preach.'"

"I was relieved to hear that he was on his way to the depot to take the train for home, having visited W. on business.

"Reaching the hotel, I secured a good room, ate my supper with an appetite that betokened physical improvement, and then went out for a walk. When I returned, the clerk of the hotel accosted me with the unexpected question, 'Are you the Rev. Mr. C.?'"

"If ever I was tempted to deny my own identity, I was then. The thought that I had not been more than an hour, without being found out, in the place where I had hoped to spend weeks without being known, was aggravating. There was no help for it, however. I accordingly acknowledged that I was the Rev. Mr. C., and inquired the reason of the question. 'Why,' said he, 'the Rev. Mr. Takeiteasy, Pastor of the First Methodist Church, called to see you a little while ago, and left this note, to be given you when you returned.' I took the note in silence, and went up to my room. I really thought of leaving the place at once, in the cars, if I could; on foot, if I must. I saw that my expectations of being permitted to do as I pleased were blasted. I really wished that either brother Takeiteasy or myself were in that indefinite locality known as 'Halifax.' A little reflection convinced me that it would never do to treat brother Takeiteasy in the manner meditated. After all, what did it matter that my secret had been found out? Perhaps I had been foolish in attempting to pass unknown. Brother Takeiteasy might simply have called out of courtesy, and would, doubtless, respect my desire to be allowed to rest. I could firmly refuse to preach, on the ground of your prohibition, Doctor, even if he should urge me to occupy his pulpit.

"The note simply announced that, having heard of my arrival (how, I wondered), he had called to make my acquaintance, and to offer his hospitalities; and that, being unable to wait until my return, he would call again in the morning. I went to bed in a very comfortable frame of mind. I awoke in the morning, refreshed and strengthened. As I looked in the glass and saw my improved appearance, it occurred to me that the plea of sickness would not be worth much in brother Takeiteasy's estimation.

"Soon after breakfast, while sitting in the reading-room, a gentleman approached me with outstretched hand, saying:

"'Brother C., I am glad to see you. My name is Takeiteasy. I am pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. Allow me to welcome you to our beautiful town.'

"I responded with equal warmth:

"'How did you know I was in this place?' said I.

"'Why, brother T., a member of your Church, sent a note to me from the depot stating that you were here.'

"'You know, Doctor, how fond brother T. is of a practical joke. Well, I understood at once that his accidental meeting with me in the

street, and his knowledge that I desired to remain unknown, had furnished him with an opportunity to play one on me—an opportunity which he had improved. I narrated the circumstances to brother Takeiteasy, and we had a good laugh together over the success of brother T.'s stratagem.

"'But,' said brother Takeiteasy, 'here I am, and you must go home with me.'

"'I shall do no such thing.'

"'Of course you will. You must preach for me next Sabbath, and you must be my guest.'

"'Now, brother Takeiteasy,' said I, 'you may as well understand that I shall not preach for you, or for any body else. I am considerably indisposed [he looked incredulous], and am taking this vacation by the advice of my physician, who has forbidden me to preach for a month.'

"'O,' said he, coolly, 'it won't hurt you to preach for us. You need n't exert yourself, you know. We are a plain people here, and are not as critical as your city congregation. Besides, my people would never forgive me if I did not give them the pleasure of hearing one so widely known for his ability as you are.'

"'Brother Takeiteasy,' said I, severely, 'you can't flatter me into doing what I ought not to do, and what I have determined not to do. Just let me stay here, and join me in visiting all the places of interest in this neighborhood.'

"After a moment's thought, he replied:

"'I would gladly join you; but if I must preach next Sabbath, I really can not spare the time, as I have my preparation yet to make. If you will preach for me in the morning, I think I can manage to be at your service.'

"This shrewd reply put me in a dilemma. If I refused to preach for him, it would look as though I did not care for his company. I did think of suggesting a resort to 'the barrel,' but was scarcely well enough acquainted with him to do so. You see, Doctor, I felt that he had flanked me. I accordingly, as gracefully as I could, retreated from my position.

"'Well,' said I, 'if you will accommodate me, I will accommodate you. This pure air is doing wonders for me, and I do not believe that I will be injured by preaching once next Sabbath.'

"On the remaining days of the week, brother Takeiteasy piloted me over the surrounding country. We had a delightful time. I was charmed with the beautiful scenery. We climbed the hills, and explored the valleys. I seemed transported back to the days of my boyhood. The good that my wanderings did



me, I think you can partly see in my appearance, Doctor.

"In the daily paper, published in W., I noticed, on Saturday morning, the following announcement:

"Rev. J. W. C., D. D., of the city of P., will preach in the First M. E. Church to-morrow morning, at 10.30. Come and hear this eloquent divine."

"I am not a D. D., as you know, so I asked brother Takeiteasy what he meant by usurping the authority of the schools.

"Why," said he, 'I thought you were a D. D. If you are not, you ought to be.' I began to suspect brother Takeiteasy of a disposition to 'blarney.'

"Well," said I, 'you might, at least, have permitted the people to decide for themselves as to my eloquence.'

"Never you fear," he retorted, 'they will do that anyhow.'

"Sabbath morning came, and I preached. As we sat in the pulpit, brother Takeiteasy pointed out the dignitaries of the neighborhood who had honored me with their presence.

"After dining with brother Takeiteasy at the table of one of the leading members of the Church, I returned to my hotel. While thinking how pleasant it would be to listen to brother Takeiteasy's sermon in the evening, there came a knock at my door. I opened it, and was handed the following note:

"REV. DR. C:

"Dear Brother,—My husband has been seized with sudden illness. He has been compelled to lie down. He requests you to do him the *great kindness* to fill his pulpit this evening.

"Yours respectfully, L. TAKEITEASY."

"What could I do? I could not accuse brother Takeiteasy of 'shamming.' I did, however, feel indignant at him for having eaten so much dinner. But the mischief was done. There was clearly no escape for me from a second sermon. So I wrote a note informing him that I would preach for him, 'under the circumstances.'

"I did so. Brother Takeiteasy, to my surprise, was able to be present, and so recovered his strength that he followed my sermon with an exhortation of nearly equal length!

"When I returned to my room, I began to think that brother Takeiteasy's name harmonized with his disposition. He had succeeded in getting two sermons from me in spite of my determination to preach but one. Still, I did not blame him very much, as I felt very well. The exertion evidently had not hurt me at all. So much for your wisdom, Doctor.

"The next morning, I found a very correct abstract of my sermons in the *Daily Luminary*, and a very high compliment in the editorial column.

"This prepared me to receive brother Takeiteasy cordially when he made his appearance. While he was busy repeating the commendations of my sermons, uttered by Senator A., General B., Judge C., and Doctor D., I was glancing over the paper, when the following announcement attracted my attention:

"The monthly public meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held this evening in Fraternity Hall. We understand that the Rev. Dr. C., whose eloquent sermons (abstracts of which we give elsewhere) so delighted our citizens yesterday, will address the meeting."

"I interrupted the recital of brother Takeiteasy by placing the announcement before him, and inquiring by whose authority it was made.

"Well," said he, 'the committee, supposing that you were at the parsonage, called there after evening service. It was too late to come here; so I told them I thought they might risk the insertion of the above announcement.'

"You are very kind," said I, 'to decide such matters for me. Do n't you know that I came here to rest? I insist, therefore, on making my own arrangements.'

"All right," said he. 'Here comes the committee.'

"The gentlemen composing the committee would take no denial of their request. In vain I pleaded want of preparation. They had read a speech I delivered before a similar meeting elsewhere, a short time ago; and that speech they desired to hear. You may laugh at me, Doctor, but the result was that their entreaties prevailed over my determination. I addressed the meeting.

"On Tuesday morning, as brother Takeiteasy and I were getting into the carriage to take a drive, a beautiful little girl came running down the street.

"O, Mr. Takeiteasy," said she, 'won't you please get him to come?'

"I suspected instantly that brother Takeiteasy had been making more arrangements for me; but a glance at his perplexed face convinced me that my suspicion was groundless.

"Get whom to come? and where?" said he to the child.

"Why, Mr. C.; to our house."

"What for?"

"Why, me and Jennie and Sallie, and a good many more little girls, are going to have a fair at our house to-night, to help raise money to pay for fixing up our Sunday-school room."

"'I'll come, little darling,' said I, 'if brother Takeiteasy will show me the way.'

"When we got into the carriage, brother Takeiteasy explained that the little girl belonged to the Sunday-school of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church. I went to the fair, Doctor, and I never spent a pleasanter evening at a fair in my life. It was really astonishing to see the taste displayed in the arrangement of the numerous articles made or begged by the little girls. Of course, I made a speech.

"The fair was a great success; and I left the earnest little workers rejoicing over the handsome sum they had netted; and went to my rest, feeling that the warm thanks of the little ones were more gratifying than the compliments of the *Daily Luminary*.

"Wednesday morning brought me a letter, which dispelled my pleasant feelings. It informed me that a District Sunday-school Convention was to be held on Thursday, in a town ten miles distant. Speaker after speaker, who had promised to be present, had written, recalling the promise. The Committee of Arrangements had heard of my presence in W. Would I come over and help them?

"To refuse such a request as this, was impossible. I wrote informing the Committee that I would be present. The greater part of the day I spent in making preparations for the labors of the Convention—giving up a pleasant excursion that brother Takeiteasy and I had arranged.

"In the evening I quietly dropped into the nearest church (Presbyterian) to prayer-meeting. But the pastor knew me; and, introducing himself, insisted that I should deliver the lecture. Of course I was sensible of his courtesy, and complied.

"I need not describe the Convention exercises. I took part in the debates, conducted blackboard exercises, answered the questions put into the Question-box, and addressed the general meeting in the evening. It was after midnight when, thoroughly wearied, I reached my hotel.

"Friday was spent in a pleasant visit to the ruins of an old Revolutionary fort; and when I retired to rest, I congratulated myself that a day had actually passed without a call for my services.

"But, before midnight, I was roused from my slumbers. I was sent for to baptize a little child that was supposed to be dying. Its parents were stopping at the hotel. That midnight baptism I shall never forget. God, in his goodness, spared the life of the little child.

"Saturday morning, the Rev. Mr. Thoughtful called. He is the pastor of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in W. The First Church is strong and wealthy; the Second is weak and poor. If some of the members of the First would join the Second, both would be vigorous and successful. When will our people cease to allow one Church to drag out a miserable existence in order that another may have superabundant life?

"Brother Thoughtful had called to see me as soon as he knew of my arrival, and had cordially invited me to accept his hospitality. Of course, I had declined. He did not ask me to preach for him, as he knew that I desired to rest. I had invited him to join brother Takeiteasy and myself in our excursions, but he had declined. He had been the subject of conversation between brother Takeiteasy and myself more than once, and I had learned that he was a studious, backward man, living on an insufficient salary, and discouraged by the opposition of some of his members, whom his plain dealing had offended.

"'Thoughtful has n't got push enough in him. He can preach well enough to command any appointment; but he is so backward that people do not get the chance to know him,' said brother Takeiteasy.

"I had often thought of him during the week, and had resolved to visit him and ask permission to preach for him, once at least, on the following Sabbath. I was, therefore, truly glad to see him. He began the conversation by saying:

"'Brother C., I have come to request you to preach for me to-morrow. I know that I ought not to do so, in view of the fact that you have had no rest since you came here.' My amused smile evidently encouraged him to proceed. 'But as you preached twice last Sabbath at the First Church, I think you ought to preach for my *poor* people to-morrow.'

"Admiring the honesty of the man, I replied:

"'I had made up my mind to preach for you, if you would allow me. So make yourself easy, and stay and dine with me.'

"He accepted my invitation, and I succeeded in drawing him out of his shell. I found that his talents were superior, his knowledge varied and extensive, and his piety deep and fervent. By the way, Doctor, I hope that before the choice of my successor is made, a committee will go and hear brother Thoughtful preach, as I think he would suit this Church very well. [I have made a note of this suggestion.]

"Well, I preached for him, both morning and evening. Ascertaining that his salary was sadly in arrears, with the consent of the trustees I

made an appeal that did not hurt his self-respect, and had the pleasure of seeing the whole deficiency, and one hundred dollars over, placed in his hands. The most of the money came from the members of other Churches who were present. Never shall I forget how the face of brother Thoughtful's accomplished wife flushed with surprise and delight, as, with a few words of explanation (she had been kept at home by illness), brother Thoughtful placed the money in her hand. 'Three hundred dollars?' said she. 'Why, husband, we have never had half this much at any time since we have been married! O, I am so glad! Now you can pay your debts, and get a new coat!'

"Brother Thoughtful and I laughed at this connection of honesty and self-gratification.

"I believe, Doctor, that my improved health is as much owing to the satisfaction which I felt at having contributed to the relief of brother Thoughtful's family, as to the pure mountain-air of W.

"On Monday afternoon, brother Takeiteasy came to see me in great haste.

"'Brother C.,' said he, 'I want you to do me a great favor. I have to attend a funeral at two o'clock, and I have just been sent for to marry a couple at the same hour.'

"'O, I see,' said I. 'Certainly, I will marry the couple with great pleasure.'

"He looked confused, but soon recovered his usual impudence.

"'No,' said he, 'I will attend to the wedding myself. I want you to attend the funeral. I stopped on my way here, and inquired whether the family would be satisfied with the arrangement, and—'

"'Takeiteasy,' said I, 'you are the most impudent man I ever met. I will fall in with your arrangement this time, but I warn you that it is the last time.'

"He retired in haste, and I attended the funeral.

"Quite a surprise awaited me on my return to the hotel. 'Mr. C.,' said the clerk, 'would you be willing to marry a couple? A gentleman, accompanied by a lady, arrived an hour ago, and requested me to send for a Methodist minister to perform the marriage ceremony. I told him that you were stopping here, and would soon be back. He said that he would await your return, as he had often heard the lady mention you as a friend of her father.'

"I found the lady to be the daughter of one of my former parishioners. It was with real pleasure that I performed the ceremony, and I spent the handsome fee in the purchase of a present for the bride.

"When I retired to my room, I began to think. I remembered that I had left home in order to rest. I had been in W. just a week and three days. In that brief period I had preached four times, delivered two speeches and a lecture, addressed two Sunday-schools, baptized a child, attended a funeral, and married a couple! You understand now what I meant when I said that I had returned in order to escape being worked to death! I determined to go home. I did not know what other work brother Takeiteasy might be planning for me. I concluded that, if I wanted rest, I had better go back to P. to get it.

"Early next morning I called to say good-bye to brother Thoughtful and his family. I determined to give brother Takeiteasy 'the slip.' So I hurried to the depot. I took my seat in the cars. The conductor shouted, 'All aboard!' The train began to move. I heard some one call, 'Brother C.! brother C.!' I looked out. There stood brother Takeiteasy.

"'Why,' said he, 'what does this mean? Get out, quick! I have made arrangements for you to go with me to a temperance meeting this evening.'

"'And make a speech, I suppose?' said I.

"I could not hear the good brother's reply. I leaned back in my seat, and laughed heartily at brother Takeiteasy's discomfiture. When the train reached the city of H., I got out and sent him the following telegram: 'When you go away from home to rest, do n't come to see me.'

## THE LAKES OF NEVADA.

BY LISLE LESTER.

"CATARACTS and shimmering fountains, singing in a silvery rhyme;  
Broad, blue lakes, and lofty mountains, and all Nature keeping time."

THE "Silver State" appears impoverished, so far as large, numerous, or important lakes are concerned. Within her snowy belt she has vast plains of sage-brush yet to be submitted to agricultural tests and experiments; she has much to test the copying or reproducing skill of the artist. Her somber hills, with their many shades of gray and umber, snow-clad and evergreen-dressed; rocky passes and arid plains, really beautiful in their unbroken sameness,—must try severely the master-hand that essays to place any portion of it on canvas.

Such far-reaching wastes and levels, the eye seldom traces in any other locality on the face of the continent, and probably nowhere on the

surface of the globe. The journalist would find language incompetent were he to attempt a vivid and perfect picture of Nevada scenery. So much of brown, gray, and all their varying shades envelop the whole state; so much that is wild, broken, abrupt; such spots of beauty, nooks of singularity, localities of curiosity and "vales of serenity"—all overshadowed with mountainous grandeur—that a faithful copy in words would seem to be inimitable.

Of the few bodies of water in Nevada, called lakes, there are but four or five really large enough to represent this part of nature's family. However, they have one advantage in being in so small a minority; located in a state lacking an abundance of pools, lakelets, rivers, and ponds, they enjoy the supremacy of celebrity.

#### PYRAMID LAKE

Is the largest sheet of water in the state, resting at an elevation of 4,087 feet, among the rocky, barren sections of Roop County. It holds a singular relation to Lake Tahoe, of the Upper Sierras—receiving the waters of Truckee River, which flow from Lake Tahoe; chattering and sparkling down the great mountains; rushing through deep cañons and sage-brush valleys; growing deeper and darker and colder; now crowding 'twixt walls of sandstone, then falling off into a basin of unmeasured depths, to sparkle and sing again in a lower valley, as it emerges from its walled cell; winding and twisting, until it pours its healthful volume into the broad bosom of Pyramid Lake.

The entire scene offered to the eye, from any point of observation, near or from a distance, is one of wild magnificence. The blue waters of the lake, reaching thirty miles in one direction (far beyond the range of vision) and twelve in another, in a solid setting of brown, barren mountains, which tower three thousand feet on all sides—lifting great domes and spars and pinnacles up, as it were, to the sky—form a wonderful picture of marvelous features. If the eye could comprehend it all in one glance, what a privilege it would be! The Indians might well conceive an instinctive reverence for their Great Spirit, if they credit this, and all other magnificent scenery, to his power and production. That they believe him capable of accomplishing wonders—controlling the thunders, storms, and the seasons—harmonizes with the Christian idea that "with God all things are possible," and is a strong argument in favor of savage intelligence upon the subject of a Deity, or a Great Cause overruling the universe, and by whose laws "we move and have a being."

Added to the lonely beauty of Pyramid Lake,

a rock rises out of its waters, nearly six hundred feet, in a conical or pyramidal shape, from which the lake derives its name. From the summit of this rock, the scene is intensely sublime. Water of the bluest surrounds it, mountains of the highest circle its waters—a circle of water, a circle of granite, a throne as solid as it is desolate, cold, hard and dumb: a monarch in itself, sitting in the center of a rock-bound lake, crowned with the effect of sunlight and storm, dawn and dusk, year upon year, with few to note the panorama or enjoy its shifting scenes. The waters of this lake are filled with trout and other fine fish. The Piute helps himself, without fear of molestation.

A curiosity exists in the vicinity of Pyramid Lake, in the character of musical vibrations, among a bed of stones on a hill. The stones covering this hill are said to possess peculiar musical properties. The fact was observed, it is claimed, by a party of mining prospectors, who had encamped at the foot of the hill. For many nights they were astonished by a musical tinkling, which sounded like the distant music of a guitar. Examining the locality, these men discovered that the sounds came from very small stones, which formed the floor of a drift, reaching from the foot of the hill to its summit. This bed of stones was found to throw out a constant tinkling, which produced a musical volume of harmonious sounds and vibrations. Upon examination, the stones show a heavy charge of iron. This lake should be one of the resorts of pleasure in Nevada. Excursionists would find it a delightful place for camping out in true overland style. Sketching, fishing, and hunting could nowhere be so greatly indulged.

Winnemucca Lake, only a short distance, is connected with Pyramid Lake by a slough; it has no attraction, however, beyond its neighboring locality to the great lake.

#### HUMBOLDT LAKE.

One might travel the globe over in search of a perfect opposite to Pyramid Lake, in purity of water and beauty of natural features, and find nothing so fully realizing the counterpart as Humboldt Lake. This lake is east of Pyramid, in Humboldt County, and covers an area of thirty miles in length, and nine miles in width. It contains such brackish, foul water, that the shores and soil of the banks are literally poisoned by it. It is fed by the Humboldt River—a stream as impure as its receptacle, lazily flowing through a waste of country, quite as desolate as may well be imagined.

"No leaf that may feed  
By that dark, sullen flood;



No flower that may bloom,  
With its tomb-like perfume,  
In that region infectious of gloom."

The waters of the lake are dark—a color between an indigo-blue and a bottle-green; neither one nor the other, but a murky, dismal color, gloomy to look upon, as if in its uncertain depths "lay evils and horrors unseen." One can hardly realize the intense loneliness experienced when standing near its banks—a dark, quiet lake; a surrounding plain of sand and alkali, far as the eye may traverse; no sounds of life in the thick and unfriendly atmosphere; scarcely a lichen, or shrub of any beauty; but a desolate, dreary waste. The altitude of this solemn, poisonous pool is three thousand feet. Had it been named Lake Desolation, it would have been apropos in every respect. It is a place where one naturally thinks of the witches in Macbeth, and all the other members of the witch family he has ever heard of. From one of the earliest settlers of Northern California, who made the overland trip in the days of pioneer emigration, we gathered an account of a singular phenomenon that occurred, and was observed while the party encamped near Humboldt Lake.

Having occasion to keep a close lookout for their wagons and animals, expecting an attack from the Indians, a watch was established, the party taking regular turns—one keeping watch half of the night; another relieving him, and keeping watch until morning. "It was bright moonlight when I got up to take the watch," said he. "I lighted my pipe, and sat down where I could see the animals feeding, and facing the lake. I suppose I had been smoking about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly a heavy cloud seemed to rise up from the waters of the lake. As it moved upward, it assumed the shape of a rainbow spanning the lake—the lower edge nearest the water looking almost white. As soon as it seemed to reach the full light of the moon, it turned to a bright-green color, and a misty mass of curls, like smoke-curls, poured rapidly from it, from one end to the other. As the moon went down, the bow began to grow dark, and finally appeared like a brown, heavy bow reaching across the lake. As daylight came on, it changed again to a dull, dismal smoke, sinking to the water's surface. It did not wholly disappear until the broad, full sunlight fell over the lake. We camped at that point five days; the weather remained unchanged during the time. The phenomenon was not known to have taken place except on the night mentioned; still we kept a close watch every night, hoping to see

and know more of so strange and mystic an appearance."

#### WALKER LAKE.

The majority of the Nevada lakes take their names from the rivers that flow into them. For a country so prolific in names, it seems, as far as nomenclature is concerned, to be in a strangely impoverished condition. It is either a disregard for the lake, or a particular fondness for the names of the rivers; for nearly every lake in the state is known by the same name as its tributary river.

Walker Lake is about thirty-two miles long, and fifteen wide. It has a wondrous depth, and is surrounded by high, barren mountains. The Piute Indians are accustomed to refer to Walker Lake as "Lake of the Blue Water." Its immense depth gives it a very dark-bluish color, while the lofty surroundings of sheltering mountains contribute to cast over the whole region a dismal and forsaken appearance. The sunsets and day-dawnings, however, are sufficient to compensate for the gloom found at other times. The vicinity of Walker Lake seems to be one of the places where one feels, as it were, in the air, that something is about to happen; that the locality is about to undergo a radical and important change; that all the quiet solitude and remoteness must, sooner or later, be broken or changed; that there is something in the atmosphere demanding imperatively a change—something that is compulsory from the very nature of things. It may be only from the knowledge that the "Star of Empire" is on a triumphal march over all the mountains and deserts and plains of the Pacific World; and, in her track, we find the outcroppings of mineral wealth that only waits its coming men to resurrect it, and astonish the world with its quantity and value. Of Walker Lake there is only a view of solemn beauty, now unbroken by any touch of civilization. Ten years hence, when other pens may sketch the beauties and wonders of Nevada, we may hear of a fashionable resort, a city, or railway center near its shores. For the artist, whose pencil is true, and whose brush is directed by competent eyes, there are points of observation hardly equaled for sublimity and lonely grandeur.

#### CARSON LAKE.

We hear of Carson City, Carson Valley, Carson River, Carson Lake, Carson Sink, Carson Family, and old Carson himself. We are amazed at the general deference paid to "Carson's" memory. Surely, his name is written upon the hills, heard in the "babbling brook," and has secured a life-policy in the historical annals of

the "Silver State." The lake is an irregular-shaped, shallow body of water, brackish, and charged with alkali. Its shores are low and marshy, and sometimes overflowed—the whole valley, for many miles around being inundated. Carson Valley claims much of admiration, when viewed from any distant point, particularly from the foot hills. Looking down the valley, where long stretches of meadow-land undulate gradually; the Carson River winding, like a ribbon, through tule, marsh, desert, and fine pasture-fields; the mirror-like face of the little lake smiling brightly in the clear sunlight; distant snow-peaks, brown mountain-brows, and lofty spires—pinnacles of the Sierras,—all combine to form an exquisite and enchanting scene.

Carson Lake has a diameter of twelve miles, and is never over sixty feet deep. Its excellent surroundings are of greater importance, and, really, of greater attraction. Approaching the valley from the mountains on the west, the great backbone of the Pacific Coast—the Sierra Nevadas—a poet once said, after taking an admiring look o'er the grand scene:

"Eastward, views of plains of sage-brush, where the vista opens wide;"

then, as if seeing it nearer were to perceive its real merit, he says:

"Here the soil, with careful tillage, yields its luscious crops of corn;  
Concentrating here its verdure in a wilderness forlorn."

#### WASHOE LAKE.

The bright little diamond set in its oval of evergreen hills, is Washoe Lake—the lovely copy of a pastoral sketch, where fertile shores slope upward to the mountain's base, to meet the still more verdant vales and pockets that reach into and up the "hills everlasting," along chattering brooks, and under the "pine-trees' saddening shades."

The valley, the surrounding spurs, divides, and ridges of the great Sierras, with the little lake in the center of all, combined in one scene, is lovely, enchanting. Whether viewed from a distant divide, hundreds of feet farther skyward, or a familiar approach to its shores; whether in Winter or in Summer,—it is ever fascinating and beautiful. The lake is usually placid and clear; patches of tule-land surround it, being encircled in turn by some excellent pasturage and meadow-land; while the pockets and foot hills are well adapted to small farms and fruit-culture. The tule sections, affectionately hugging the lake, are susceptible of drainage, with but small expense and labor.

Washoe (Wassoo, the original Indian name), and vicinity, will in time become a fashionable

resort. The climate is invigorating; the scenery, while of the gentler type, is wondrously beautiful, fraught with varying pictures; the valley, a reality of a poet's idea. The lake abounds in fish, and mirrors the clouds, and laughs with the sunlight enchantingly. Moonlight sails on Washoe Lake, on Summer evenings, remind one strongly of Read's beautiful poem, "Drifting," where he says:

"My winged boat—a bird afloat—

Swims round the purple peaks remote,

Where high rocks throw thro' deeps below

A duplicated golden glow."

In an early day, Washoe Lake and Valley were attractive to the sportsmen and anglers. The busy life of a mining country crowded the Indians out of their "hunting-ground;" the cheerful sound of the mill-whistles broke the slumbering air, and the smoke curled from mill-chimneys at intervals around the several towns that dot the valley in every direction. The meadowlands were cultivated, and the beautiful picture of bright valley, lake, and circling mountain grandeur, in its primitive wildness, gave place to active life, and its foot-prints and sounds thereof. Still, Washoe Valley and Lake is one of the most attractive pictures in Silver-land, wearing the same fascinating smile that nature bestowed upon its general features of marked beauty.

#### ELLA MASON'S RECEPTION.

BY JOSIE KREN.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN one of the elegant mansions on Fifth Avenue, New York, a lovely young lady was seated in her room near a richly draped window. She was neither looking out, nor occupied with any thing especial. Her whole mood and manner was apparently a listless one, yet in reality she was wrapped in deep thought. Her bed was strewn with rich gossamer and silk dresses, laces, gloves, flowers, etc. The young lady, however, was taking no heed to these things which, but a few moments before, had been brought forth from their hidden receptacles, and examined with much interest. Then, with a sigh as though wearied or abstracted by other thoughts, she had turned from them.

With her mind thus absorbed, Miss Cameron either did not hear a tap at her door, or else she was indifferent as to any one's entrance. The knock was repeated, then Jane looked in.

"Please, Miss Bella, there is a young lady in the parlor who would like to see you."

"O dear, how vexatious! Why, Jane, I

meant to have sent you word that I was particularly engaged this morning. Who is it?"

Jane walked across the room, and silently placed a card in her young mistress's hand.

Bella took it with an unconcerned air; but when her eyes rested on the name, her face at once brightened.

"Jane, you can ask Miss Foster to come to my room."

In a few seconds a light step was heard tripping up the stairs, and Miss Fanny Foster appeared at Bella's room-door.

"Why, Fan dear, I am ever so glad to see you!" exclaimed Miss Cameron.

"Really glad, Bella? Your room looks as though you were very much engaged. I fear I have disturbed you at your incantations, or something of the kind, that was to turn all these beautiful things, or rather, your lovely self, into a fairy princess."

"O, you have not disturbed me in the least. I was merely looking over my things to see if I could find any thing suitable to wear. But before solving the question, I was lost in a reverie over something else. Now that you are here, I shall really be glad of some help in the selection. You have such good taste, Fan, I can rely upon your decision."

"Are you going to Mrs. Mason's reception, Bella? I understand Ella has just returned from Europe, and the reception is on her account."

"Yes; so I hear. It is very provoking, though, that the invitations were not given out sooner. Through some mistake I received mine only day before yesterday. As I have nothing very new or fresh to wear, and our dressmaker is already engaged with work that will keep her, and all her hands, busy up to the eleventh hour, I had about given up going. But to-day I have half-changed my mind, for I hear that—" Bella hesitated, blushed, then remained silent.

"Hear what, Bella? Your face has a very tell-tale look."

"O, I do n't mind telling you; but do n't, I beg, repeat what I say."

"Certainly not, Bella."

"The elegant, accomplished, etc., Mr. Courtney is to be there. You know he was very attentive to me while at D., visiting Aunt Emily Ashton, and again at Saratoga the past Summer. Since our return to New York, he has renewed his attentions. So now, I must confess, he has stolen just a wee bit of my heart, and I would like to appear well to-night."

"Why, Bella, when I came up here, I thought you were 'in maiden meditation, fancy free.' It

is not many weeks since you vowed you would belong to some sisterhood, eschew marriage, and live to proclaim the rights of woman."

"Now, Fan, you are embellishing. You know I did not say half that nonsense. I was provoked to cry out against marriage as the one aim and object of woman's life, simply because Hattie Brown was talking about it so ridiculously. I do think she is one of the most insipid, weak-minded creatures I know. But, then, she is so beautiful, and has such piquant manners, that she is very taking in society, especially among the gentlemen."

"That is true, Bella. And is it not strange that just such girls are the ones to attract most attention from those who call themselves the stronger and more intellectual sex?"

"Well, Fan, I suppose it is because they like to rule as the lords of creation, possessing superior minds to their wives. Hence they sometimes choose inferior beings to themselves intellectually. They are struck by a beautiful form or face; then, when too late, find they have a mere lay figure to dress extravagantly, and see their money wasted upon, instead of having agreeable companions to go with them through the real journey of life."

"Why, Bella Cameron, how earnest you are! Yet I agree in what you say. I think, though, there is one excuse for them. Women nowadays seem to be losing much of their former gentleness and retiring dispositions. In clamoring for equal rights, the power to vote, etc., they appear so independent and self-sustained as almost to lose their gentle, clinging natures; which, after all, is the most natural characteristic of true woman, and the most winning to those of the stronger sex."

"It may be so," replied Miss Cameron, with deep thoughtfulness.

"Yes, Bella, depend upon it, intellectual attainments will erelong be so coupled with strong-mindedness, that, as a result, mere beauty, even if combined with ignorance or insipidity, will win the highest prize in the matrimonial market."

"O, Fanny, you are making out rather a sad state of things! Surely you would not have us remain ignoramuses on account of the few too strong-minded women of the present day?"

"No, indeed! I glory in the capabilities of woman's intellect. Besides, I do not wonder that intelligent, right-thinking women are advocating equal rights in some things. I think, myself, that men ought to be more liberal-minded toward those of the sisterhood who are obliged to turn their talents to account, and earn their living also by the sweat of their



brow, as it were. Laboring as many hours, and accomplishing as much work, they surely ought to have equal pay."

"There, Fanny Foster, I wonder who is the earnest one now? You have made such a telling speech that I think you ought to go forth as lecturer for the equal rights of our sex, as far as you advocate them."

"Thank you, Miss Bella. I have no desire to turn lecturer for or against our sex. Why, you make me tremble at the very idea of such a thing."

"Do n't be frightened, Fan, at my suggestion. I well know you have a too shrinking disposition to appear in public as a lecturer. In a good cause, though, you have eloquent words at command."

"I suppose I ought to make a courtesy for that speech. But, Bella, though shrinking myself from appearing in public, I can, and do, cheer those of our sex who are fitted for such an arena of usefulness; and if we keep in what is called 'the narrow sphere of woman,' we may, at least, be eloquent in advocating a just cause; and also exert, through the mighty power of love, an influence for good wherever we may be."

"Bravo! Now to descend to the trivial things of earth. Do help me to decide upon what I shall wear to-night. Here is a heap of rubbish lying on the bed. I should like to burn it all up, and wander off to some desert island," said Bella, with a deep-drawn sigh, and the same look of perplexed thoughtfulness overshadowing her brow as when first introduced to our readers.

Miss Foster saw that her friend was in no mood for light banter. She had noticed the marked attention which Mr. Courtney had for some time been paying Miss Cameron. She also entered somewhat into Bella's feelings to appear pleasing in his sight upon the present occasion. All the more so, too, as "weak, insipid Hattie Brown," as Bella had called her, was trying her best, with her beauty and artful—though called artless—piquancy, to win his attentions to herself.

With Miss Cameron it was far different. Possessing a highly gifted mind and noble spirit, she was not one to stoop to any ungentle or unlady-like act to win the attentions of any one. She had spoken truly as she felt, when she said she did not consider marriage the only aim and object in woman's life. But the marked attentions of Mr. Courtney had naturally touched her heart, and caused her to believe him all that she could desire to render up her happiness to, as a life-long companion.

And yet, was Mr. Courtney worthy this implicit trust? Or do those who use flattering speech and tender wiles—often far more insincere and artful than woman's ways—half realize the wreck they are making of trusting hearts? Some, it is true, who have been what is called *blasé*, in society, understand that half the tender, insidious attentions they receive are meaningless. It is not, however, so with all; for there are young and guileless creatures who put implicit faith—as Bella Cameron did—in the attentions of another. And, alas! with strong, deep natures, their whole affections are won ere conscious of it themselves. Then comes a time when they are startled to find they have been bestowed upon one who was not only insincere in his professions, but at the very time of apparently making love to them, actually engaged to another. Hence comes deep mortification, and often lasting disappointment; a crushed, wounded heart, hid behind a smiling face, that the world may not know of its bitterness—of the inner sepulcher against which a stone has been rolled to hide it from the sight of all, since woman is scorned for loving where her love is not returned.

Man, when he meets with disappointment, oftentimes becomes either callous and indifferent, or cold and sarcastic. Others, except in rare cases, readily recover, and use their prerogative to seek happiness elsewhere. With woman it is different. She carries about, as we have already said, a crushed and wounded heart, taking part in social life, yet caring little for it. Or else, as youth passes away, she becomes sharp and bitter—her tender womanly feelings sadly changed. And thus she wins the harsh name of "old maid." In either case it is sad. Why, then, should there be such careless playing with edged-tools—"merely flirting," as it is called, "to pass an evening pleasantly," or to "kill time" at some fashionable watering-place?

#### CHAPTER II.

WE must now return to Miss Cameron and Miss Foster, whom we left discussing the momentous question as to what they should wear that evening at Mrs. Mason's.

Fanny, with true taste, advised her light-haired, blonde, and blue-eyed friend to wear a lovely blue silk, which she had made her appearance in but once or twice early in the season. She quickly decided what would look delicate and airy as an overdress; then selecting some elegant point-lace, gloves, and flowers, and laying a set of pearls with them, Jane was called in to lay away the rest of the finery.



"Really, Fanny, dear, you have taken quite a weight off my mind," said Bella. "I was not at all in the mood to decide upon any thing."

"Well, then, in return you must put on your things, and go shopping with me. The fresh air, I'm sure, will do you good, Bella; and I need some ribbon, flowers, etc., to complete my dress of pink crape."

There was a marked contrast between these intimate friends. Miss Cameron was a blonde, while Miss Foster was more of a brunette. She had dark hair, and brilliant hazel eyes—large and dreamy-looking at times. Each so beautiful in her own individual way, they did not serve as foils, but rather to heighten each other's appearance by the pleasing contrast.

Bella was soon arrayed for the shopping expedition; and, as the air was delightful on this clear Winter's morning, they greatly enjoyed their brisk walk to Stewart's. As they were returning toward their homes, they unexpectedly encountered Mr. Courtney and his intimate friend, young Dr. White.

"Well met, ladies," said Dr. White, politely bowing. "This is a charming day for a walk."

"Yes, indeed," echoed Mr. Courtney; "and the fresh air, young ladies, adds to your rosy cheeks."

Fanny blushed so that the hue upon her cheeks deepened. Dr. White, observing her embarrassment, kindly diverted her thoughts by saying:

"Shall we have the pleasure of seeing you again, this evening?"

"O, certainly," replied Fanny; "we must all go to Ella Mason's reception."

"Yes: we shall be there," added Bella. "I hear, though, that Miss Mason made quite a sensation abroad, and I expect she will now eclipse us all."

"Two such bright luminaries can not easily be eclipsed," replied Mr. Courtney, laying his hand upon his heart; and, making a most profound bow, the gentlemen passed on.

"O dear!" exclaimed Fanny Foster, in a half-irritated, indignant manner, "I do wonder if gentlemen really think we are fools enough to believe all they say?"

"Why, of course not, Fanny," rather warmly replied Bella, in evident defense of her hero. "They only intend such little flattering speeches as courtesy toward individual favorites; a polite way of expressing preference."

"It may be so, Bella; but take care that you do not find that there are some who, upon every occasion, and to all with whom they come in contact, say *far* more than they mean. It becomes habitual with not a few society men; and

Mr. Courtney, I am sorry to see, is fast becoming quite a flatterer."

Fanny spoke with earnestness, but Bella made no reply, though evidently struck by her friend's seriously uttered words.

Miss Foster was not altogether pleased with Mr. William Courtney's attentions to her friend Bella Cameron. It is true he was a highly educated man, and seemed to possess many good qualities; and when they had met the Summer before, in the quiet village of D., they were both very much pleased with him. But since he had established himself in the city as lawyer, renewed his acquaintance with them, and been introduced into their society, Fanny Foster, who had no rosy glamour over her eyes, plainly saw that he was fast becoming a mere superficial society man—paying marked attention to the rich, and lightly flirting with all. Such acts Fanny utterly despised in one whom she had supposed possessed nobler qualities.

Loving her gifted friend very dearly, Fanny could not bear that she should have her affections bestowed upon one at all unworthy of her; and so was tempted to express her views. She saw that her remarks had made an impression upon Bella, yet felt pained at having been the cause of her deep, thoughtful silence, which lasted until they were called to bid one another good-bye, as their paths separated.

Poor Bella! It was the same feeling of vague disquiet which had possession of her mind at the opening of our story. Again, as then, she doubted whether it would be wise to go to Mrs. Mason's that evening, and place herself under Mr. Courtney's fascinating influences. But, remembering the pleasant hours they had spent together at her Aunt Emily Ashton's, recalling his cultivated conversational powers, his talents as a rising lawyer, and, best of all, his interest at that time in works of true philanthropy, she could not believe him wholly changed, or less true to his better nature.

Neither was he altogether so. But Mr. Courtney's was a character to be too easily influenced and, perhaps, formed by those with whom he came in daily contact. As some would express it, "he had in him the making of a noble man." But frivolous society and the temptations of the city, drawing him from the deep study of the law before his profession was fully acquired, were now deteriorating his mind.

It was this that Bella, with her clear insight into human nature, saw and lamented. She hoped, however, as all true-hearted women do hope, that love and marriage and home influences would redeem him from mere superficial, worldly effects; that he would return with fresh

ardor to his law and philanthropic pursuits, and render her perfectly happy. Has not many a trusting heart thought and reasoned the same, forgetting that a weak, yielding nature is far more easily swayed by evil than by good? Yet hoping against hope, building airy castles out of influences, many wreck their happiness by marriage with one wholly unsuited to them.

## CHAPTER III.

It was with less sprightly gayety than usual Miss Cameron dressed herself that evening for the much-talked-of reception. In faithful trust, her heart, though, was now filled with deep womanly feelings. And such a sweet look of gentleness illumed her countenance, that her mother, who, with pride, was assisting to adorn her cherished daughter, imprinted a warm, loving kiss upon her brow.

"Darling, may you always wear such a calm, serene look!" said she. "Something, though, comes over my spirit to-night, which causes me to tremble for your future happiness."

"Do not feel uneasy about me, dearest mother. My future life, I hope, will be as bright and happy a one as the past has been."

"I trust it may be, Bella; but shadows will flit before the mind when I think of your deep, ardent nature, and what life may be to you, if you meet not with a return of the same true love."

Were the mother's words prophetic? Did some unseen power at that moment cause doubts to cross her mind, and warn her to guard her beloved child against some unseen foe to her happiness? What is this mysterious influence which so often forewarns us of coming evil, and which we lightly call presentiment? Who can fully explain it? Alas! no earthly being. For it is among the hidden mysteries of the spirit-land, which no mortal eye can penetrate. No: not until the veil is lifted, shall we comprehend many things which our hearts now long to have more fully revealed to us.

With such depressing feelings overshadowing the spirit, Mrs. Cameron experienced great reluctance to part with her daughter. She was unable to accompany her, and the carriage was waiting; so, warmly wrapping Bella up, the anxious mother then charged her to return early.

With an assuring promise and parting kiss, Bella lightly tripped down-stairs, and, with her brother Fred, was soon driven to the Masons'.

The house was brilliantly lighted. Rare and costly exotics filled the air with their rich per-

fume, while gayly dressed young creatures were flitting about, as Miss Cameron and her brother hastened up to the dressing-rooms.

In the one appropriated to ladies, Bella found her friend Fanny waiting for her. Her father had escorted her to the house; but, not feeling very well, had excused himself from entering, telling his daughter she would be sure to find some one with whom to enter the drawing-room. So she had waited awhile for Bella and her brother.

Mr. Fred Cameron was indeed glad to act as escort to Miss Foster. He greatly admired her personal appearance, and was attracted by her talents and many winning virtues. As companion to his sister, and frequent visitor to their house, they were often thrown together. But Fanny, with her sweet, guileless disposition, and receiving polite attentions from many—for she was a general favorite in society—did not observe that Mr. Cameron was taking especial interest in her. Neither did she note how much oftener, of late, he sought his sister in the music-room, and elsewhere at home, when she was present.

To Fanny, it seemed only natural that a brother and sister, so warmly attached to one another, and so capable of sympathizing in their daily readings and other pursuits, should be often drawn together. Fanny hardly dared to look into her own heart, or question its increased throbbings, when he was present. It was but recently she had noticed it; and, with shy, womanly reserve, shrank from penetrating its mystery. This evening, however, she was forcibly struck with his pleased look, as she came out of the dressing-room with his sister. She also noted the tenderness of manner with which he placed her hand within his arm as they reached the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Cameron, unlike Mr. Courtney, was never in the habit of paying unmeaning galantries to ladies; so his manner had a deep meaning to Fanny. As they entered the drawing-room, her dark eyes sparkled with happiness, while a new dignity seemed added to her tall, graceful figure. Many a one turned to look with pleasure upon the intimate friends as they sought Mrs. Mason and her daughter.

There was indeed nothing of that half-weary, half-made-up appearance, which dissipated belles, unconsciously to themselves, often acquire, though spending hundreds of dollars upon dress. On the contrary, there was youth and freshness about Miss Cameron and her friend, Miss Foster, neither of whom mingled much in worldly gayety. And the very simplicity of their dresses, tricked out with few fashionable

furberlows, made a striking and pleasing contrast with some of the more gorgeous dresses of the evening. Fanny had sometimes called Bella her "Quaker friend," and for a while tried to induce her to wear something more stylish than her ordinary dress usually was for one of her means; but of late she was becoming a convert to many of Bella's "good theories," as she called them.

Ah! well it was for Bella that she was thus early learning that the fleeting pleasures of this world are not satisfying to the heart and soul of true, right-minded women; and that, in earnestness of spirit, she was striving not to be drawn by others into the vortex of too exciting pleasures. For she had found much happiness in unselfishly seeking to do good, and therefore had something to turn to when her heart became chilled by the insincerity of the world's votary. But we digress, and must now leave subsequent events to another chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IT was quite a large company assembled at the Masons' to welcome back their only daughter—gay, beautiful, and now radiant in Paris costume and glittering diamonds.

Mr. Cameron, with Miss Foster and his sister Bella leaning upon his arm, managed to thread their way to where she stood. Politely greeting Miss Mason and her mother, and paying them the compliments of the evening, they then passed on.

While promenading through the spacious rooms, they encountered many familiar faces. After bowing right and left to their friends, or lingering to chat with some, they finally reached a cozy nook to rest awhile. They were in the midst of speculating as to how many really happy hearts there were among the gayly dressed throng flitting before them, when Mr. Courtney, who was but just aware of their presence, hastened forward to salute them, and offer his arm to Miss Cameron for a dancing-set just forming.

Again, as before, he paid her most assiduous attentions; for he truly admired the beautiful creature at his side. As a man of decided talents, he was also charmed by her brilliant conversational powers and sparkling wit, which rarely verged on sarcasm. Then, too, he was pleased with her sweet, gentle manners toward all, high or low, rich or poor; and he fully realized how very companionable she would be as wife to one so favored as to win her hand and heart. While with her, he sought to do so by rendering himself as agreeable as possible—paying those little marked and delicate atten-

tions which are naturally fascinating to a young lady who believes herself the chosen one.

Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, Bella Cameron's whole heart was won; that her deep, ardent nature was stirred to its very depths; or that trembling joy now filled her whole being? Imagine, then, what her feelings must have been when, later in the evening, Mr. Courtney was seen bending in a very tender manner over Miss Hattie Brown. She was seated in a deep bay-window, while he was standing near fanning her, and evidently paying her full as much attention as he had but a few moments before paid Bella. It startled Miss Cameron, and for the first time caused her to doubt his sincerity, and question her own heart: "Can it be that all his tender acts and flattering words are *meaningless*? With whom is he trifling—Hattie Brown, or myself? Alas! is such a one worthy my esteem?"

Well might these questions pass through Bella's mind; for she saw that his devoted manners toward Hattie were more than mere flirting, even as they had been toward herself.

The truth was, as Fanny Foster suspected, Mr. Courtney was becoming more worldly-minded and ambitious—craving wealth and display. And it was just reported that Miss Brown had unexpectedly become an heiress, through the death of some distant relative. Like many other vague reports, it was greatly exaggerated; but Mr. Courtney, believing it fully true, was now vacillating between the two young ladies—the one who, before supposed wealth had added to her attractions, had rather courted his attentions (and with whom he had at first simply flirted to pass time, and because his vanity was flattered by her decided preference), or the other, so much more noble-minded and worthy his deepest love.

Strange that he should for a moment have hesitated or questioned his best course, if seeking true happiness. And yet, no doubt, others in that gay assembly were playing the same game between two hearts, one of which, and perhaps the most worthy, was likely to become wrecked through ambitious schemes and misjudgments.

Bella gave a deep sigh as she glanced round, then repeated the familiar and apt lines:

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."

With a listless air, she now wandered toward the music-room; and had turned to converse with a friend near her, when some one came up and asked her to favor them with a song. Miss Cameron was a skillful player; she possessed a remarkably fine voice, and was ever ready to



oblige her friends, without the affectation of being urged. This evening, though, she had little heart for music; so it was with reluctance she seated herself at the piano, and kindly complied by singing one popular song after another. Then, as if unconscious of those around her, she warbled forth such wild, sad strains, into which her whole heart and soul seemed to enter, that a hushed silence reigned round the room. Indeed, many a one was affected to tears by the depth and pathos of the voice, which ended in a low spirit-wail.

The song had evidently been improvised, and appeared to come from an almost broken heart. Many, at least, would have fancied so, had they not thought the bright and witty Miss Cameron heart-whole.

Mr. Fred Cameron, with Miss Foster, entered the music-room just as Bella had commenced this last song. They gave a shudder as they listened to her unusual style, feeling sure that it was no mere song of the moment; but words and notes must have sprung from a heart that had in some way been wounded.

Leaving Fanny seated, the brother went forward, and gave Bella his arm just as she rose from the piano. He saw that her cheeks were flushed, and eyes brilliant with feverish excitement.

"Sister mine," said he, in gentle tones, "I fear you are wearied. Shall we now return home? Fanny is ready to go."

"Yes. Do let's go at once!" excitedly replied Bella. "I am O, so weary! The fresh air will do me good; for my head is hot, and my brain feels giddy with the multitude of people moving about."

"Well, dear sister, lean upon me till we cross the room to Fanny. Then we can leave as soon as you wish."

"Why, Fanny," she exclaimed, on reaching her side, "you look as fresh and bright as possible! Have you had a pleasant evening?"

"In some respects, dear Bella, I have had a very pleasant evening." Then glancing at her friend, she added: "But there are many here who, no doubt, are seeking for pleasure where it does not exist. Nay, perhaps half here are trying to extract it from that which is in reality distasteful to them."

"That is true, Fan. What care some for dancing, or for the crowded ball-room? What care others for the expense and trouble of dressing for such a grand occasion? It is something else they are seeking than that which they pretend to be enjoying. Strange alchemy of the human mind, which can in any way turn real heavy lead into gold, and for things that

are fatiguing, hurtful, and annoying, expect to realize what is called pleasure, if not happiness!"

"O, Bella, you are taking rather a gloomy view of things to-night," gently said her brother.

"Well, but Fred, acknowledge that there is but little heart in all this worldly gayety. This dancing to display a graceful figure; costly dress to outshine a neighbor; some coming merely to say that they were at the great reception—others to prevent its being said that they were not here. A few to flirt and *break hearts*," said Bella, with a bitter laugh; then added, "I'm beginning to think that every thing in this world is hypocrisy."

"Do n't say so, Bella dear. You are wearied now; so all looks gloomy. Life will surely seem brighter to you to-morrow. Come, let's bid good evening to Miss Ella and her mother; then we can hasten home."

#### CHAPTER V.

THE morrow, metaphorically speaking, was not, however, to return to Bella Cameron with the same sunshine and lightness as of old. She had been cruelly deceived, her proud, sensitive feelings deeply wounded, and from henceforth there was less of implicit faith and trust in others. Hers, too, was such a strong, deep, clinging nature, that once having had her affections won, it was not easy to transfer them, or allow another to fill the same place in her heart. As soon, though, as she could forget self, and rise above the sorrows which, for a while, completely crushed her, she resolved that, for the future, she should live more entirely for others.

In a quiet, unobtrusive way, constantly striving to give pleasure in the home circle, or to do good among the poor and the feeble, Bella Cameron well filled a wide sphere of usefulness. The sick and suffering ones of earth watched for her coming as for a bright sunbeam; for few were so capable of entering into their feelings as she was. Having suffered herself, and drunk deeply at the "Fountain of Life," to obtain strength to live above the trials of this world, she could well direct others to the same source of happiness.

We will now see how it was with Mr. Courtney. On the evening of Ella Mason's reception, he had just withdrawn from Miss Hattie Brown—whose rather trifling prattle wearied him—and entered the music-room in search of Miss Cameron, as she seated herself at the piano. He was a great admirer of her musical talents, and lingered in the room a silent and rapt listener to one song after another, as requested by others. But when her voice burst forth in the wild, sad strains which arrested the



attention of all, they had, to him, a far deeper meaning than to any one else who surrounded her. Conscience at once upbraided him. He well knew he had paid her marked attention since their first introduction at D.; nay, in many instances, that evening especially, shown her most tender and decided preference. Later in the evening, when, with Miss Brown, he had caught sight of Bella's eyes resting upon him with reproof—ay, almost scorn—he felt it was deserved, and was convicted of having trifled with her affections. Afterward he sought her in the music-room to make some lame apology; but too late! *too late!* Her notes thrill through his soul as deserved punishment, and he now fully realizes the depth of her nature. A painful thought, too, forces itself upon his mind. "Have I not wrecked my own happiness as well as hers?"

Yes, it was even so; for that very evening, through the flattering wiles of Hattie Brown, and led on by the mistaken idea that wealth would give him a higher position and influence in the world, Mr. Courtney had offered himself to her. Soon after, they were married with great parade and costly show, and so far was Mr. Courtney's pride gratified. Time, however, only proved that wealth is not all in all, even for this world, and that Hattie was wholly unsuited for him; that whereas Bella Cameron, with her pure spirit and gifted mind, might have incited him to nobler aims and aspirations in life, Hattie, with her dissimilar tastes and uncongeniality of thought and feeling, as well as lack of interest in his pursuits, only depressed his spirits. Home, therefore, was not as bright as it might have been. For a few months they kept up appearances before the world, Mr. Courtney often accompanying his wife to scenes of gayety. Then he turned from society, and became absorbed in business, politics, and speculations, while his wife led an almost reckless, superficial existence. She was ever gayest of the gay, caring nought for the home circle.

Thus each, as with too many who little consider the solemn and binding ties of married life ere entering upon its sacred joys, duties, and responsibilities, walked, as far as the spirit was concerned, in separate pathways.

Bella Cameron, who, after all, had proved the most wealthy in purse as well as noble virtues, rose above disappointments. She became a lovely Christian, and sweetly proved by her daily acts, as she had once said to her friend Fanny, that "marriage needs not be woman's only aim and object in life," that to all who rightly seek for it, there is a true sphere for

usefulness; and that one may exert a gentle influence for good, and thus find their own happiness in this world, married or unmarried.

## TIGER LILIES.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

TIGER lilies, royal lilies,

Warm and full the August sun  
Burns on velvet of your vesture—  
Royal robes so deftly spun  
Of the golden warp and woof.  
Tiger lilies, we have proof

Ye are loved by fay and brownie—  
Loved by all the fairy band,  
Ye have wooed them, ye have won them  
From the shadow-haunted land.  
They came forth, wood-fay and brownie;  
For their tiny shoon I see,

Dusk with loam from bog and wood-path,  
Hung on stamens at your door;  
Light the fairies are, yet dark loam  
Clung their dew-wet sandals o'er;  
They have hung them up, dew-wet;  
They swing at your portals yet.

They forgot them as they vanished;  
For the very first slant lance  
Of the sunlight broke the circle,  
Stopped the music and the dance;  
Royal lilies, they love well  
Your warm heart and mottled cell.

Tiger lilies, royal lilies,  
We love gold and velvet too;  
We are drawn and held by splendor  
Of gold chalice, smitten through  
With the sunlight, that lies deep  
In your cup's bright jeweled keep.

Ye are royal in your splendor,  
Stateliest of garden flowers;  
Yet the heavy loam clings closely  
To the very shoon of ours,  
When we come to any shrine  
Drawn as wood-fays are to thine.

Tiger lilies, royal lilies,  
Ye have power to blind and daze  
Eyes that match your robes resplendent  
With the August's golden rays;  
But we weary of your gold,  
Dashed with jet in velvet fold!

And we leave you, mourning truly,  
For the faint, sweet Spring-tide things,  
That the dewy rime, half-chilly,  
Of the early April brings.  
Were we fairy, we would leave  
Shoon where yellow dust doth cleave,  
At the shrine of what hath dazzled.  
We would with the wood-folk flee  
To the shady, quiet wood-paths,  
Where the haunting shadows be;

Where are faintly tinted things ;  
 Where the mottled lichen clings,—  
 Where but flecks of light are sifted,  
 Making mosses golden green.  
 Royal lily, golden lily,  
 Thou mayst reign a garden queen ;  
 From your dazzling light we turn  
 To gray moss and lady-fern.

### A PICTURE.

BY FLORA L. BUST.

Low winds, laughing on the lea,  
 Toss sweet odors back to me,  
 As with rose-leaves in their play,  
 Young elves pelt a brother fay.

Sunbeams, in a wayward dance,  
 Rise and fall, and glow and glance,—  
 Flit, like swallows 'mid the eaves ;  
 Hide within a nest of leaves,—

Court the daisy in their wiles,  
 And she blushes red, and smiles,—  
 Seeks her low tent in the grass,  
 Till the gleeful lovers pass.

Forest-warriors to the west  
 Bear white cloud-plumes on their crest ;  
 Purple shadows, long and sweet,  
 Worship at the wood-king's feet.

O'er the hills, whose wavy lines  
 Link the souls of somber pines  
 With the light of bending skies,  
 Drops a dream of paradise.

Yet, amid its golden glow,  
 Pale ghosts wander to and fro ;  
 Sun and shadow equal fall  
 From the heaven that covers all.

Swift a sleepless river coils,  
 Many a bloom within his toils ;  
 Darts his gleaming serpent-head  
 At the wild rock in his bed ;  
 Slides through distance, silver-gray ;  
 Sinks in slumb'rous shades away.

### OLD FEELINGS.

ONCE, in my childish days, I heard  
 A woman's voice, that slowly read,  
 How 'twixt two shadowy mountains sped  
 Four colored steeds ; four chariots whirr'd.

I watched until she laid the book  
 On the white casement-ledge again ;  
 My heart beat high with joyful pain  
 On that strange oracle to look.

Day after day I would ascend  
 The staircase in that large old house,  
 And, still and timorous as a mouse,  
 I sat and made the book my friend.

I saw the birth of seas and skies,  
 The first sweet woman ; first brave man ;  
 I saw how morning light began,  
 How faded over paradise.

I stood with the first Arab boy ;  
 I saw the mother and the child,  
 Of Oriental vision wild,  
 Laugh by the well for utter joy.

I saw the youth go forth at morn,  
 A traveler to the Syrian land,  
 And in the lonely evening stand  
 An exile, weary and forlorn.

I saw him by the road-side lay  
 His sunken head upon a stone,  
 And while he slumbered, still and lone,  
 A dream fell on him fair as day.

I saw a golden ladder reach  
 From earth to heaven among the stars,  
 And up and down its gleaming bars  
 Trod stately angels, without speech.

What wonders did I not behold ?  
 Dark, gorgeous women, turbaned men ;  
 White tents, like ships, in plain and glen ;  
 Slaves, palm-trees, camels, pearls, and gold.

Ah ! many an hour I sat and read,  
 And God seemed with me all day long ;  
 Joy murmured a sweet under-song ;  
 I talked with angels, with them fed.

It was an old deserted room ;  
 There was a skylight straight above,  
 And the blue sky look'd through like love,  
 Softening and coloring mortal gloom.

No playmate had I ; knew no game ;  
 Yet sometimes left my book to run  
 And blow bright bubbles in the sun,—  
 In after-life we do the same.

That time is gone ; you think me weak,  
 That I regret that perished time—  
 That I recall my golden prime  
 With beating heart and blushing cheek.

That book so prized, you tell me, friend,  
 Is full of false and deadly tales ;  
 You say, "A palsied world bewails  
 Its influence ; but it soon shall end."

Thank God for that ! I live for truth,  
 Glad to resign each rainbow sham ;  
 But, still remembering what I am,  
 I praise my sweet and saintly youth.

It was so genial and sincere ;  
 My joy and wonder were so strong ;  
 So rare and delicate a song  
 Young Life was singing in mine ear.

I, therefore, still in fancy climb  
 Up to that old and faded room,  
 Where feelings, like fresh roses, bloom  
 Over the grave of that fair time.

## SYMPATHY.

BY PROF. J. L. HATFIELD.

HERE are special forces that draw us toward particular persons, as there is elective affinity in nature. There is a cohesive attraction, also, that unites us to those who are near us, simply because of their position. But over all these forces, which, in some instances, must be, to a certain degree, antagonistic to each other, there is that general force which joins us to men simply because they are men, as there is a general power of attraction which binds one particle of matter to another on no other ground than that of their common materiality. This general force of attraction among men is sympathy—a force that is strong even when it acts upon weak materials. If it can be affirmed that all natural forces are but modifications of one force, it may perhaps, with equal truth, be said that all these social forces are modifications of one also; and that force is love.

But what is human sympathy? It is not compassion, stooping from her high position to forgive and assist the erring, while she willingly displays a consciousness of the sacrifice she makes. It is not pity, scorning while she weeps over a suffering brother. It is the divine, apostolic spirit of love and tenderness, that enables its possessor so to lose himself in the interests of others that he can rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

God has given us the power of sympathy in order that, by its exercise, we may assist each other; but, like every other faculty that God has bestowed, it blesses both him that exercises it and the object of its favor. Human sympathy is like the vine, which, though too feeble to support itself, reaches out and takes hold of the trees of the forest, binding them together, and becoming by this means as firm as the sturdy trees to which it clings. It is like the vine in another sense—it bears rich fruit. He who has in his breast a lively, active sympathy, already has his reward in the very consciousness of the fact. He is animated and encouraged by whatever of good he finds in humanity. This consciousness exalts his self-esteem without making him egotistic; while he is impeded in no personal power, he is at the same time assisted by whatever power there is in the common mass.

While we speak of the noble power of sympathy, be it known that it is not that superficial kind which seeks to manifest itself on all occasions, much less that which begins and ends in

show, and which, from the nature of the case, consists chiefly in affectation. True sympathy is born of love; and, like its parent, rather shuns the gaze of men, while it dwells in the more sacred precincts of the heart. Tears and smiles may betray its existence, but it blushes at the betrayal. Its truest tokens are seen in the actions, in the life, of its possessor. Indeed, the best kind of sympathy is found in those persons whom the great mass of men consider by no means sympathetic. Men are just now beginning to appreciate the character of Edwin M. Stanton, the great war minister, whose noble Roman fortitude did so much to save the Republic in the late civil war. Incompetent generals and greedy speculators hated and cursed him; many good men sincerely censured him; and yet he was at the same time not only sacrificing fortune, but was daily sacrificing himself to the good of the nation—if not so speedily as those who stood before the battle-lines of the enemy, yet quite as heroically, and far more certainly. Even this stern man, whose very words were a terror to many, the stroke of whose pen made and deposed generals, was a man of deep and genuine sympathy. He was the man, we are told, whom the noble Lincoln desired first, of all men, to clasp in his arms when the glad news of the Nation's triumph spread over the land.

There is perhaps no other human force so powerful to move men of every class and degree of intelligence. God has made us agents to help each other. We meet with sorrows, unexpected trials, and a thousand nameless griefs that wring the heart. The ministry of angels could not be so efficacious in these things as that of fellow-sufferers. When God himself proposed to alleviate the woes of fallen humanity, he sent One, made in fashion as a man, to suffer with us and for us, that as a brother, a fellow, he might sympathize with us, and, sympathizing, might assist us—save us.

There is something divine in the very nature of sympathy. It is remedial so far as it affects the object, but it does not add to the suffering of the one who exercises it. It is that giving that enriches. It is a propitiation without the sacrifice. When you thus enter into sympathy with another, you impart to him, as it were, a part of yourself; and this without losing that part. So that, as you still continue to control yourself, in proportion to the amount of sympathy you exercise, you may also control the other. If, then, you would influence the thoughts and actions of men for good, you can do this in no other way more effectually than by sympathy. Noble principles are only powerful

in calling forth the attention and admiration of men, when clothed in humanity. Truth is a sublime idea; but a true man is powerful.

Luther might have nailed his theses to every church-door in Christendom without effecting a reformation; but when, with a heart glowing with the love of truth, he stood before the Imperial Diet, and said, "Here I take my stand; I can not do otherwise," his words swept the country like a volley of solid shot. And when Luther, in the courage of his meekness, stood before the people to unfold to them the Word of Life, the life-giving Word itself borrowed new vigor from the enthusiasm of his own soul. Truth is a mere skeleton: firm, strong, and upright, it supports every thing else; but it can not act until love and sympathy have clothed it with flesh, and poured the life-blood through the whole system. The man who is full of sympathy commands the services of men, because he is himself servant of all men; and thus the principle of compensation runs through all the business of life. What you receive, you receive only in exchange for what you have given. "The gods sell all things for labor."

It is this power that crowns those princes of the rostrum and the pulpit, and makes men bow willing subjects to the scepter of their eloquence. The logic of Demosthenes is of little power, the imagery of Whitefield is only entertaining; but when these men poured out their souls in floods that overflowed the listening multitudes, there were never monarchs so absolute.

Yet by far greater are the results accomplished by the united energies of men of moderate abilities. God has ordained the preaching of his Gospel to be the means of saving the world. But Gospel streams can only flow from Gospel fountains. He who would preach Christ must be Christ's. No man is qualified to teach that of which he is himself ignorant; besides, there is something more than simply knowledge demanded in this instance. This, indeed, is true, in a greater or less degree, every-where. No man is properly qualified for any business, profession, or pursuit, who has not a love for his work; and in order to this he must be in sympathy with the results to be attained. He who does not love his work and rejoice in its general effects upon society, ought either to be ashamed of his work or ashamed of himself. If his work is bad, he should be ashamed of it; if it is good, he should be ashamed of himself because of his lack of sympathy with it. Every man should be wedded to his work. He is guilty who weds where he loves not. He alone is the true minister, who feels at the same time

the love of Christ and the love of men constraining him; who feels the force of the expression, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" and that woe not so much the result of impending wrath on account of duties neglected, as that of being deprived of a reward which he otherwise might have obtained.

There is perhaps scarcely a human being living who has attained to any thing worthy of his manhood, and who can not trace the most precious and sacred influences that have ever affected his life to some kind word, act, or look of sympathy. In our earliest attempts to master the rudiments of an education, what a blessing it has been to us that we have had older brothers and sisters whose memory of trials and difficulties were still fresh! The writer of this well remembers one of these seasons of early gloom, when eagerly making his first attempt to use the pen. The first attempt to make letters was almost entirely unsuccessful; the next, to make o's, was scarcely better; but when a copy of straight marks was furnished, and marks any thing but straight were made in an attempt to imitate them, the result was almost overwhelming. Whose words were those that then shone so joyously through the gloom, and brought encouragement and comfort? It was not those of the teacher, who playfully laughed at the poor broken-backed "k." They were the words of one who had himself known discouragement, and whose heart was warm with brotherly sympathy. So, in all the ills and evils of life, in our efforts at self-conquest, in our struggles against temptation, sympathy has been our best friend. Sincere sympathy will often rescue the fallen from sin when every other means has failed. It is a foster-mother that brings us only good. Evil and designing men may possibly use it for a bad purpose; but it loses more than half its power when brought into alliance with wrong.

So much for its influence over men. But there are some who seem to possess this power in a very limited degree. Is it possible to cultivate it? and if so, how? It may be cultivated only as character is cultivated. The man whose heart and life and purposes are right, will not be entirely wanting in sympathy for the virtuous right and the suffering wrong. But there can not be a manifestation of a thing unless it first exist. Any attempt at it, under such circumstances, results in affectation, and affectation is only transparent hypocrisy. The only safe way, as well as the only honest way, is to *be the thing you would seem*. Would you be polite, sympathetic, and kind? Have kindness and sympathy in your heart. Would you speak



noble words of power? Have noble sentiments and feelings in your breast.

As the counterfeit will not long escape detection, so the presence of the genuine will not long remain unrecognized. There is a mystic language by which heart speaks to heart. In this language alone, of all the tongues of earth, it is impossible to speak a falsehood. When the heart speaks, therefore, it reveals its true condition, and dull indeed must be the hearer who understands not. "The soul," says Emerson, "is superior to its own knowledge, wiser than any of its works."

We shall receive great benefit by coming in contact with the purest and best minds; but those authors will benefit us most who most effectually present a mirror to the soul, so that we may discover what is within us, and, therefore, what it is possible to bring out. But the noblest powers of the soul are developed and discovered when we come in contact with the Infinite, since in him dwell those forms of fullness and goodness of which human virtues are but shadows.

#### "THE CONFESSION OF ST. PATRICK."

BY A. C. TRUE, A. B.

FOR hundreds of years the Roman Catholic Church has claimed St. Patrick as her own illustrious son, and enrolled him as the patron saint of Ireland. His monkish biographers of the Middle Ages extolled him in their most pompous rhetoric, and narrated many instances of his miraculous power and wonderful deeds among the Irish people. But when we read the simple story of his life, as he himself has written it in homely language, we find a man very different from the traditional St. Patrick. We look in vain for any mention of the Virgin or the Pope, for any acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Roman Church. In some way the pages which contained the story of the expulsion of the snakes and "creeping things" from the Emerald Isle, which was one of our favorite nursery-tales, and, for a long time, about the only information we possessed of St. Patrick's title to saintship, must have been lost during the ages that have gone since these words were written; for they do not appear anywhere in this sketch of his life. It is not at all likely that St. Patrick would have omitted such an important event in his history; and we would not for an instant cast a shadow of doubt upon the veracity of those pious fathers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who always put this miraculous exploit into their biographies of the saint. They would not have

told a falsehood just for one miracle. How could they be guilty of such a crime, after they had already fabricated thousands of them?

The manuscript which contains this "Confession of St. Patrick," is of undoubted authenticity. It has been thoroughly and critically examined by eminent antiquarians, both Romanist and Protestant, and they all agree that there can be no question about its author. It is almost the only work of the saint which is at all reliable. Many others have been attributed to him; but they are written in such a style, and contain so many absurdities, that they have been rejected as spurious. The language of the "Confession" is Latin, which, at that age, was employed in almost all written productions. The style is very peculiar. In the arrangement and construction of the sentences and the meaning of words, it departs very far from classic usage. This is so much the case, that many passages are very difficult of clear translation into English; and in many cases the sense can not be brought out except by long circumlocutions and by supplying words in the original, which may have been accidentally omitted. Every-where upon its face it bears the impress of an unskillful hand, whose owner had evidently not given much attention to letters. It is the production of an unlearned man, who tells his Christian experience to the world from a heart overflowing with love to God; tells it in simplicity and truth, without the gilding of rhetoric or the pretense of any literary attainments. Written probably near the close of a long life of missionary labor, it breathes in every line an earnest spirit of entire trust in God. It is the confession of a soul whose prayers have been answered; of a preacher, who has seen the fruit of his self-denying toil in the conversion of a nation from the black darkness of a degrading heathenism to the pure and clear light of the divine Christianity. It opens with a humble acknowledgment of his humanity: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and the least of all the faithful." Then he states that his father was Calpornius, a deacon in the Church, and his grandfather, Potitus (or Photius), a presbyter; thus showing that his ancestors were men of position and influence in the Christian ranks, and that he was the son of pious parents. Another fact, incidentally brought to light here, and one of the many instances which make this "Confession" so valuable, aside from its interest as an account of St. Patrick's life, is, that the priests of those early times were married men. This was the fifth century. Monasteries were then unknown; and the idea that Christian ministers

must be celibates had not as yet been introduced into the Church. Romanists have long tried to explain away all instances which go to prove this assertion; but without success. Every advance in the knowledge we have concerning the early Church shows how different a system it was from the complicated hierarchy which Rome afterward imposed upon the world. All the arguments by which she has bolstered up her theory of her spiritual and temporal supremacy, and of the apostolic succession, were the subtle inventions of men of the Middle Ages, who trusted to the ignorance and superstition of the multitudes whom they addressed for the reception of their absurd doctrines, and thought that time would bury all record of an earlier and purer religion in oblivion, so that the Church which they had founded should endure forever. But they only proved the foolishness of all human wisdom which does not have truth to support it, and, as it were, from their graves have arisen saints and martyrs, with parchment-scrolls in their hands, to refute the testimony of those who have so cruelly belied them. And now even St. Patrick has turned against them—he who so long has been considered the “most faithful of the faithful.”

But to return to his narrative. He was born “in the village of Banavern Tabernæ.” There has been much dispute as to the country in which this place is situated. Some have said Scotland, others England; but the best authorities put it in France. One Catholic historian thinks that Banavern is the ancient name for Boulogne, and that St. Patrick was born in that city. When sixteen years old, he was captured by Irish invaders and taken to Ireland, as a judgment, he thinks, for his sins. At that time he “knew not the true God.” But while in captivity he was led to reflect upon his evil ways; and, while tending cattle on the mountains, he prayed unto God, and God heard him, and he was thoroughly converted. After that, “in the snow, in the frost, and in the rain,” in day-time and at night, in the woods and on the mountains, he prayed continually, often more than a “hundred times” a day; for “the Spirit was fervent within him.” When he had been in Ireland about six years, he was warned in a dream that release was at hand. Leaving the man for whom he had worked as a slave, he found his way to the sea-coast, where a ship was about sailing for England. The young man asked for a passage, which was sternly refused by the captain.

Patrick retired to a small hut near by, to pray to God for relief in his affliction. He was still

upon his knees, when the sailors called out to him to come with them. In three days they reached the coast of Britain, and journeyed across the country. It was a desert place, and after a time their food failed. Then the captain, who had marked Patrick's Christian demeanor and his frequent seasons of prayer, taunted him with being abandoned by his God and left to die in the wilderness. Patrick rebukes them for their infidelity, and prays to God that their hunger may be appeased. They had not gone far before a herd of swine appeared by the way-side, and afterward they had an abundance of food. Sixty days were occupied in travel before they reached Brittany, where his parents resided. His friends entreated him never to leave them again, but the voice of God continually called him to Ireland. One night, in his sleep, a man appeared—coming, as it were, from Ireland—with a letter for the saint. It began with these significant words: “*Vox Hibernionacum*”—the voice of the Irish people. As he read the epistle, he seemed to hear those among whom he had dwelt during his captivity calling out to him, with beseeching tones, “We entreat you, holy youth, to come here and walk with us.” Patrick still resisted the call of the Spirit, and again a vision of a young man came, who spoke beautiful and persuasive words, and ended thus: “Who has laid down his life for thee?” Again, while in prayer, the Spirit seems to have taken possession of him, and he “prayed mightily and with groanings.” At length he yielded to the Divine voice, and decided to return to Ireland. Instantly opposition was raised by his friends, to what they considered a fool-hardy undertaking; and they went so far as to allege his former sins as a reason why he was unworthy of such a work as he proposed. But he persevered, and, with a few companions, reached the shores of Ireland in safety.

Of his labors in that country, Patrick gives no detailed account; but we gather from incidental remarks, that, after undergoing many trials and escaping many perils, he was very successful in winning souls to God. Thousands were converted through his preaching; and a Church of Christ was established, where only the horrid system of Druidism, with its gloomy mysticism and its human sacrifices, had existed before.

The whole Confession seems to have been written to answer the charges of some person in Gaul, who had come over to Ireland to malign the character of the great missionary, and to destroy his influence among the people. Constant reference is made to this accuser;

and, toward the end of his "Confession," the saint, with a sense of innocence, appeals to the Church which he has founded, to sustain him and testify to the truth of his assertions. He adduces the fact in a spirit of Christian humility, that, although he had been so long among them, and had toiled so hard for their welfare, he had never taken a gift from any person, but had always returned them when they had been offered, lest he should be thought to labor for the sake of gain.

Strange as it may seem, no reference is made to Rome throughout the whole production. He does not appeal to the Pope, the saints, or the Virgin to support him, nor does he speak of having received any of his authority at their hands. Here certainly was the place, if ever, to have called down upon his enemies all the anathemas of the Roman Church, and to have invoked to his aid all the power of that great hierarchy. But St. Patrick utterly ignores them all, and calls only on the Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Another noticeable thing in this remarkable writing is the numerous quotations from the Scriptures. No less than twenty-five are contained in this short article. Again, these are not taken from the Latin Vulgate, which the Roman Church has always employed, but from the Greek Septuagint, which was used largely by many of the early Christian Churches, and which is still retained by the Greek Church.

Evidently the power of Rome was not very extensive in the time of St. Patrick. The different Christian Churches were on a footing of equality, and wholly independent of each other. It may be, as Rev. Daniel De Vinne argues in his history of the "Irish Primitive Church," that France was converted by Greek missionaries, and that the religion which Patrick carried into Ireland was that of the Greek Church. At any rate, we think that Rome has no claim to St. Patrick. He belongs to the Church universal, not to any particular branch of it. The Christianity which he planted in Ireland was not the superstitious faith of the Romanist, but the pure and simple Christianity which a believing soul draws from the pages of Holy Writ. He was called, like St. Paul, to carry Christianity into a land where it had never penetrated before—stirred up, like Wesley, to bring thousands to the knowledge of the true God as he is in Christ Jesus. He was the great Christian missionary of the fifth century, and a knowledge of his life and works can not but be profitable to all who believe that God's providence interferes in the affairs of men. A great ignorance seems to prevail among Protestants concerning

him, many seeming to consider him a mere myth which Rome has conjured up for the benefit of the Irish people, and to increase her influence among the superstitious multitudes of that beautiful but ill-fated island.

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATING SCRIPTURE.

BY GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

**I**N reading the Bible, especially the Old Testament, how necessary it is to be somewhat familiar with the customs of the ancients, rightly to understand many passages which seem peculiar to the uninitiated!

When reading the passage, "It is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," a majority of us can readily see in our minds' eye the gates of Jerusalem, and other ancient cities, closed at night-fall, and how impossible it is for the belated traveler to enter the city.

He may there remain, mounted upon his tall camel, and bewail his fate, as the rich man who has lived with the one idea, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" carousing and enjoying the things of this world, which his wealth can command, without a thought of the lateness of the hour, or that he will find the gates of heaven closed against him. And thus it would be far easier for a camel to squeeze itself through the small side-entrance to the city gate, called "the needle's eye," than for such a rich man, who has lived alone for this world and its pleasure, to enter into the kingdom of heaven—the golden city, whose gates are closed against all who are not true children of God.

Many other brief passages would seem beautifully clear to us if we did but know the exact custom alluded to. In the same way, words are a little obscure through mistranslation. We can recall many, but will mention only one to illustrate our meaning. For instance, we often hear the remark, "Take no thought for the morrow," etc., made in such a way as to imply that it were actually sinful for the poor to look a single day ahead, or to try and lay up provision for the morrow; that in their necessities they should trust more implicitly in the Savior, and think only from day to day, "for the morrow will take thought for itself."

In this way many, with limited means, have actually become careless and improvident. Whereas, the true command of our Savior is, "take no worry for to-morrow;" each is to do the best he can in providing for his family, and



then to leave the result with God; that worrying won't help matters, and if a time of actual want does come, the Lord will, in some way, and through some unexpected means, provide for it. This gives a very different interpretation or meaning from the more careless, "Take no thought," etc.

To return to ancient customs. Here is another passage, which, rightly to understand, we should know something of Bible times.

"To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." (John x, 3-5.)

Large flocks of sheep owned by the wealthy were brought at night from the plains, by the shepherds in charge, and folded within the walls of Jerusalem. They were then given into the care of a porter, whose business it was to watch over them during the night. The shepherd then returned to his own home for his night's rest. In the morning when he returned to the sheep-fold and gave the accustomed knock, "the porter openeth."

Though more than one flock of sheep may have been folded under the same porter's care, yet each knew the voice of his own individual shepherd. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out." Recognizing his voice, they quickly and cheerfully follow him. He then gently leads them outside of the city walls to their usual pasture.

It is this very gentleness and tender care of the sheep and their young lambs which win their love and cause them to follow after the one dear, familiar voice. Thus we, too, if belonging to Christ's fold, will cheerfully follow the voice and leadings of our own dear Shepherd.

And yet, to look only at our own sheep-drovers, or those of England, where goads or heavy sticks are used to drive the sheep before them, and having no idea of the Palestine shepherd, who seems to draw the sheep after him by silken cords of love, we should hardly be able to understand why our Savior compares himself to the good shepherd, whose flock know him and follow his voice.

A lady, who for some years was a missionary in Armenia, thus graphically describes a shepherd scene:

"We had been encamped in a beautiful situation near Mount Ararat. The tents were pitched on the banks of a rocky ravine, in which flowed a bright stream, while near at hand was

a little village, and the picturesque ruins of an Armenian convent. We were wandering about, awaiting the loading of the packs, and other morning preparations for continuing our journey, when we saw a boy come out of the village, followed by a large flock of sheep and goats—more than a hundred in number. The young shepherd led them a short distance, and then, sitting down on a rock, he produced his knitting from the horse-hair bag which held his provision for the day, while the flock fed quietly around him.

"We went up to him, and found him very ready to enter into conversation. He assured us that he knew all the members of his flock by name, and that they also knew their names, and would answer to them. Pointing out a pretty young kid on the edge of the flock, we requested him to call to it. At the first call the little creature lifted its head with a quick, intelligent look. At the second, it came trotting up to the shepherd, and received his caresses with every appearance of delight. He repeated the experiment many times, and the animal called never failed to respond to the shepherd's voice. We then tried to call them in the same way; but imitate the shepherd's voice as closely as we would, neither sheep nor goats would pay the least attention to us. For 'a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.'"

In the East the sheep are not driven, as with us, but led. An old author speaks of seeing thousands of sheep, from many different flocks, assembled for washing near the upper waters of the Jordan. Of course all were mixed together, and it seemed a scene of inextricable confusion. But as each shepherd gave his own peculiar call, the sheep belonging to him, and knowing his voice, came out from the crowd and followed their own leader.

Doubtless very many have read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth Psalm without understanding its meaning. This, too, has its especial point from an Eastern custom. We have recently seen a pleasing explanation upon it, which is believed to be the correct one. As it may be new to your readers, we will now give it to them.

The passage alluded to reads: "Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath."

In the Episcopal Psalter we find the words thus translated: "Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns, so let indignation vex him as a thing that is raw."

It is now considered more correctly rendered



as follows: "Before your pots feel the [fire of] thorns, while they are green and budding, they shall be swept away as with a whirlwind."

The Psalmist, you may remember, is describing the swift punishment that shall overtake the unjust judge. He evidently derives his figure from what happens to caravans crossing the desert.

There are no trees or green things to be met with in the arid desert, for miles and miles, by the weary traveler. But there grows in the desert a sort of shrubby thorn. This, travelers gather to cook their food with, when stopping to refresh themselves. But frequently, before the green (living) thorns are fully ignited, or the pot feels the heat, one of those strong whirlwinds unexpectedly springs up, and sweeps across the desert, scattering all before it. And thus suddenly, we are told, shall be the destruction of the wicked.

A very expressive figure, and full of force, when we picture to ourselves the traveler sitting down to what he supposes rest and enjoyment, and yet so suddenly finds it all scattered.

Thus, too, will the unreal, but self-complacent, Christian unexpectedly feel the wrath of God, like a whirlwind, scattering all his false theories and his insecure hopes.

### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

"GIVE me  
Leave to enjoy myself. The place that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers."

FLETCHER.

"Come, take the choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrows."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Books are men of higher stature,  
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear."

MRS. BROWNING.

"Come, let me make a sunny realm around thee  
Of thought and beauty! Here are books and flowers,  
With spells to loose the fetters which hath bound thee,  
The rave'd end of this world's feverish hours."

MRS. HEMANS.

SOME writer has said that the pursuit of too many studies, and the reading of too many books, hinders concentration of purpose and fruitfulness of brain-produce; even as the many-petaled blossoms in our gardens are much less prolific than the single ones. As a human being, in its short span of life, can not learn or read every thing, it is much better to digest well what we do read, than to read lightly and overmuch.

An invalid, confined to the house through the long and weary Summer months, denied

the privilege of trees and fields and running brooks, I fell to thinking how I might best employ the long hours when necessarily left alone. My books are generally a never-failing resource to me, under all the circumstances of life, through all its trials and deprivations. Through their magic mirror I can roam again by the rippling river's side, and watch its shimmering waters gliding on, on, forever on, toward the deep, deep sea. Like the unfathomed and exhaustless love of our Creator, they give, give, give forever, yet never fail of their supply. They flow on, like the tide of human affection, full, free, and unstinted, yet never grow less. They mirror the beauty upon their banks—the trees with leaning trunks and graceful foliage, and clinging vines entwined in their embraces; the birds fluttering and singing in and out; the butterflies and dragon-flies sucking the damps of the low, marshy edges; the grasses and sedge and rushes around them; and the ducks, floating like miniature fleets, upon the cool and pleasant bosom of the waters.

All of this, and a thousand times more, comes up before my vision when I take up the works of our poets of nature, and, for the time, lose myself and my surroundings in the high thoughts evolved by the power of genius. O, my friends and companions!—friends that never deceive or grow cold; that dim not with age, and forsake not in adversity; that look up to me with the same mild and gentle eyes which greeted me a score of years ago; that speak to me with the wisdom of Solomon or Plato or Emerson; that come not with abuse or insult or detraction, but with wise counsel and the charity which loves humanity; that soothe, console, and befriend me in all the darkening influences of life,—blessed, forever blessed, be these, my kindest, firmest, truest friends!

I think I will have a little talk with each of you, this hot season. We will hold *tête-à-têtes* that will brook no interruption. More than one companion is worse than none at all. It is wearisome and confusing. So, but one at a time shall enter my sanctum during each of the dog-days of this year eighteen hundred and seventy-three. I will eschew all other fellowship, and the one book alone shall speak to me and answer my thought for a whole long day. I think I may come nearer to the heart and soul and mind and thought of the author in this close communion, and that I shall the more clearly comprehend the high emprise and noble aspirations of those who, though (some of them) dead, still live upon these pages. I shall roam with them through blossomy fields, through dense woods, through heather-braes, and fresh-

mown meadows, and climb with them the storm-beaten cliffs, and sail with them the billowy deeps. I shall float away, with the dreaming, worshipping poet, to the home of the stars, the verge of the sunset, the uttermost reaches of the infinite universe of God. I shall go, with the lovers of our race, down into the deeps of the human heart, and find, even in its most degraded haunts, self-sacrifice and noble impulses and kindness of heart. And so, while in my body I shall remain a prisoner within these narrow walls, I shall travel much farther than my most favored friends. Some of these are in Vienna, in England, Scotland, Paris, Italy, Colorado, California, Oregon; but my journeying shall far exceed any of these in a given length of time.

I shall mayhap float down the dreamy Nile, with the tired Howadjî, and will probably make a journey with him to his famous "Chateau d'Espagne." I shall make a pause in mid-ocean, where the isles of Whittier "lift their fronded palms in air," and afterward visit the "pleasure-dome" of Kubla Khan, on the sacred River Alf, in Xanadu. I shall follow the Ancient Mariner far along in his terrible journey, and it may be that, in some far-off region, I will hear of the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin; and perhaps shall even find the spot where the *City of Boston* "went down, with all souls on board;" and it may be that I shall find our own Captain Hall, detained by a second Circe upon another Calypso's Isle. I shall go, if time and inclination hold out, to Southern Africa, to find, perhaps, the very Valley of Diamonds which Sindbad once visited, rather against his will; and afterward make a flying visit to our persevering Dr. Kane. I shall visit the homes of Scott and Charlotte Brontë and Dickens; of Shakespeare and Byron and Burns; of the Ettrick Shepherd and Kit North; of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, and the Brownings, and many other of earth's choicest spirits.

And so, while Mrs. De Vere is at Newport, Miss M'Flimsey at Long Branch, Madame Van Duysen at Saratoga, the Cliftons at Cape May, Grace Greenwood in Colorado, and my dear friends, the Penningtons, "doing" Europe, I shall hope to pass my days of imprisonment, not in improvising, like Bunyan, a "Pilgrim's Progress" toward the Celestial City, but in making alone a pilgrimage to the shrines of genius.

WHITTIER! best beloved of all American poets, because his great heart beats for all humanity, and because the love of God is an innate passion of his soul—untaught by creeds, unlearned from books, but drawn in with every

breath he inhales; by every sight of the glorious works of the Creator; by every pulse of old nature herself—because he is so beloved, and because he is our own poet, I will open his pages on this first day. I will take him alone into my thoughts. He shall be "my guide, my counselor, my most familiar friend." No description of my own could do justice to the man; he shall speak for himself:

"And one there was, a dreamer born,  
Who, with a mission to fulfill,  
Had left the muse's haunts, to turn  
The crank of an opinion-mill;  
Making his rustic reed of song  
A weapon in the war with wrong;  
Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plow,  
That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to spring and grow.

Too silent seemed the man to ride  
The winged hippogriff, Reform:  
Was his a voice, from side to side,  
To pierce the tumult of the storm?  
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
He seemed no fiery partisan,  
To hold his way against the public frown,  
The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will  
The work his hands had found to do,  
He heard the fitful music still  
Of winds that out of dream-land blew.  
The din about him could not drown  
What the strange voices whispered down;  
Along his task-field weird processions swept,  
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams,—  
He told them to the toiling crowd;  
Such music as the woods and streams  
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud.  
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,  
He heard the call of beckoning shapes;  
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,  
To homely molds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim."

And again:

"Yet, while above his charmed page,  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amid the crowd unknown,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.  
Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities."

Never was there written more tender, more touching words than these—imbued with a pathos so intense as to bring tears to the eyes of the reader, and to fill our hearts with a sorrowing pity for his lonely life, while, at the same time, an involuntary "thank God!" escapes our lips for the great compensation He is pleased to vouchsafe him. And though it may not fill his heart entirely, how much richer the legacy which he will leave to the world! In "My Playmate," we are led back to his boyhood and youth—to the susceptible and adoring heart of the boy, and to the grand self-abnegation of the man. We see the human heart throbbing with its love and disappointment, aching in loneli-

ness by its desolate fireside, yet endowed with a widened love, which grasps the entire human family in its tender charity and compassion.

"Amid a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the dual law;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on earth began,  
And God was loved through love of man."

For a faith as strong and trusting as that of the disciples themselves, we have only to quote his verses:

"O, hearts of love! O, souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest;  
For they the mind of Christ discern,  
Who lean, like John, upon his breast."

"The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;  
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold."

"I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within,  
I hear with groans and travail-cries  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—  
I know that God is good!

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise;  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,  
No works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts he gave,  
And plead his love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore."

And from another:

"The dear God hears and pities all,  
He knoweth all our wants;  
And what we blindly ask of him  
His love denies or grants.  
And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one;  
And nest and perch, and hearth and Church,  
Repeat, 'Thy will be done.'"

As samples of true Christian humility, we select the following:

"What hast thou wrought for right and truth,  
For God and man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
To life's mid-span?

Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I."

"Lord, what is man, whose thought at times  
Up to thy seven-fold brightness climbs,

While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things!

So rich in words, in acts so mean;  
So high, so low; chance-swung between  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And truth's clear sky, millennium lit."

"Alas! no present saint we find;  
The white cymar gleams far behind,  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time!

Search thine own heart; what paineth thee  
In others, in thyself may be;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak,  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek."

For a fraternal love that outlived the frosts of age, and even death itself, we open "Snow-bound"—one of his most sympathetic and most widely understood stories.

"As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of Paradise.  
O, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do those large eyes behold me still?  
With me, one little year ago:  
The chill weight of the Winter snow  
For months upon her grave has lain;  
And now when Summer south-winds blow,  
And brier and harebell bloom again,  
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak—  
The hill-side flowers she loved to seek;  
Yet following me where'er I went,  
With dark eyes full of love's content.  
The birds are glad: the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;  
But still I wait, with ear and eye,  
For something gone, which should be nigh,  
A loss in all familiar things—  
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust with me?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
I can not feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the Evening Star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

Here was a love such as is seldom seen upon our earth. This sister died but a few years since, and was quite an old lady; yet the beauty of her youthful days still shone within her poet-brother's heart. She lived alone with him, and

his life must have been desolate, indeed, without her. Of his wonderful, almost passionate love of freedom, and his cries and prayers and throes for the redemption of his fellow-beings, these books are full.

"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought  
Which well might shame extremest hell?  
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?  
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?  
Shall Honor bleed? Shall Truth succumb?  
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?

No! by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall;  
By Plymouth's rock and Bunker's mound;  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall;  
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade;  
By all the memories of our dead;

By their enlarging souls which burst  
The bands and fetters round them set;  
By the free Pilgrim spirit, nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet;  
By all above—around—below,—  
Be ours the indignant answer—"No!"

"O, my brothers! O, my sisters!  
Would to God that ye were near,  
Gazing with me down the vistas  
Of a sorrow strange and drear:  
Would to God that ye were listeners to the voice I seem to hear!

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined below,  
Who shall marvel if, thus striving,  
We have counted friend as foe,  
Unto one another giving, in the darkness, blow for blow?

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more hard,  
And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling overtaken and rudely jarred!

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave:  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave:  
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust:  
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother, is most just."

"And when the Summer winds shall sweep,  
With their light wings, my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my head-stone creep—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young hearts' altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine—

If words my lips once uttered, still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfill—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn.

A marvelous joy that, even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men."

A lady of reputed intellectual attainments said to me, a few weeks since, that "she looked

upon Whittier's last volume as unmitigated trash." To think that any American woman would dare to say such a thing! And he, too, one of the most matchless interpreters of the grace, beauty, dignity, and loveliness of true womanly character! Where, in all the range of English literature, shall we find more pure and noble and tender women than he has created? "Among the Hills" is enough to make the veriest city fop, or the most refined and polished city gentleman, in love with its heroine, and with the hills and streams among which she cast her lot. And it is so through all his writings. His noble mind will never descend to "trash"—even if he lived into dotage. All his aspirations, all the instincts of his soul, lead upward to a nobler life than we can ever reach upon the earth. In every word he writes there is evidence of the innate goodness of the man, and in this consists his chief greatness. His expressions are in the most simple and beautiful language possible, and in every sentence of his description we see a soft and gentle landscape, or a beautiful, noble, or self-sacrificing character—something to win us to a love of nature, to faith in humanity, to increased trust in our Heavenly Father, or an utter reliance upon Christ.

One might take half the religious homilies ever written, and they would never give us so sweet and tender an illustration of the Golden Rule as may be found in the single poem of the "Eternal Goodness." There are not, in the entire compass of our language, four lines more beautiful, more expressive of utter trust in God, than these:

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air:  
I only know I can not drift  
Beyond His love and care."

When I grow distrustful of our earthly meeds; when I feel how much more I am deserving of the beautiful things of earth than are many of the coarse and selfish around me, who are denied nothing; when I almost question the tender mercy of a Father who afflicts his children so terribly without any apparent dereliction of duty on their part (and none that are human but have had, at times, this repining spirit); when these doubts grow to a fever-heat in my soul, I can go to Whittier, and find in his utter trust and child-like faith a tender and sweet relief. His poetry, to me, is like the low and tender voice of a stream which I have heard in childhood's hours; it is like the low warble of Summer birds, and tender as the lullaby of a mother above the cradle of her first-born: and sometimes, as in "My Playmate," it reminds me of the call of the turtle-



dove at twilight for the mate that may never return; calling through the long and weary years, calling through infinite space for an answer to his human heart, yet winning no reply! Ah! when the life of any man stands out before the world, so tender, so pure, so loving as his, how can any one that is human speak a word of scorn? The example he leaves us, the words of faith he gives us, will embalm his memory through all the ages to come.

Few men, since our Savior himself left the earth, have stood up so faultless before the world, so strong in the right, so tender toward weakness, with so much of charity for the oppressed, so little of malice toward the oppressor, yet with the will unconquerable to show wrong in its true light before the world, that thereby it might be righted.

He is slowly traveling downward to the shaded valley of rest. He, too, will soon fold his hands together "beneath the low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," and his spirit will join the beloved ones, whose tender memories he has cherished for years. And none will ever leave behind a more beautiful memory, a more tender regret. He will go down from the earth like the setting of an Indian Summer sun; he "will fold the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

But the sun is descending to his rest; the day with my poet is closing around me, and I must put aside his noble companionship and open my door to every-day existence—to the cares and anxieties, the joys and pleasures of the domestic hearth. To-morrow I must welcome, and entertain myself with, an entirely different guest.

## AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

BY WILLIAM WINTERS.

THE advance in journalism in America, during the last half-century, has been equaled by that of no other department of professional labor. The daily paper is now as much a necessity to man, woman, and child, as the clothes they wear. The demands of the mind equal the demands of the body. The growth of the one must keep pace with the development of the other.

There are papers devoted to the wants of every individual, profession, branch of business, and of both private and public enterprise. History has been supplanted by these daily and weekly records of events, whose files are prepared with equal accuracy to the pages of

the fastidious historian. No book of events can give with equal interest such descriptions of battles, hair-breadth escapes, terrors, sufferings of prisoners, and results of the civil war in our land, as are to be found in the war issues of the dailies from April, 1861, through all the dark years, to the dawning of peace in 1865. The energy and enterprise displayed by the press of America are simply marvelous. The expense incurred for correspondence by single journals, during these years, is said to have amounted to large sums. That of the *New York Herald*—considered the most enterprising paper in the world—was the enormous sum of a half-million dollars! In the acquisition of these items of interest, correspondents were compelled to face the greatest dangers, and often to take their lives in their hands, and venture into parts of the world where men were ready to murder them on the slightest pretext. This daring spirit was more recently manifested by the correspondent of an Eastern paper, who ventured into the very hiding-places of the Ku-Klux of South Carolina, and gave to the public, in "special correspondence," all that could be known of them. Correspondence is regarded as among the most interesting features of journalism, as through it facts are given in detail.

The most "newsy" point is Washington City, where there are at least one hundred and fifty "regular correspondents," who furnish the doings of representatives there to papers in all parts of the world.

The demand for news before the invention of the telegraph and discovery of steam-power, was not so easily supplied as now; neither were items of news so generally distributed. Each paper strove to outgeneral the other in obtaining that which the public appetite craved. Many are the interesting incidents related of the tact and strategy displayed by the *New York Tribune* and *Herald* to obtain the latest intelligence from foreign countries. In these exciting races, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, came out ahead. These contests developed the enterprise which has since characterized the career of both these public-spirited journals, and been so readily adopted by others. The telegraph is now employed where before men and horses were both required. In the transmission of news over the wires the outlay is annually enormous—believed to amount to millions of dollars. The *New York Herald* alone paid over one hundred thousand dollars for the news received during the Franco-Prussian war, and the *Tribune* must have expended much more. At one time newspapers were

compelled to pay two dollars and twenty cents a word for messages received over the Atlantic cable. Every item of public interest in the remotest town is known next day through the dailies; for the sending of which, somebody is paid a liberal sum.

Regular reporters were not employed on daily papers until the year 1837; and it was not until about 1840 that one could be found able to report a speech accurately, stenographically. Then, it is said, a first-class short-hand writer was unable to earn twenty dollars a week; now they can command fifty, sixty, and even a hundred. A great meeting of any kind whatsoever can nowhere be held, but that there are one or more reporters present, prepared to give to the public, the next day, the speeches and doings *verbatim*. Even the sermons of noted divines are made to appear in the issues of the succeeding day; and by which, though by many condemned, they are enabled to preach to thousands of those whom no inducements could persuade to attend on the services of the sanctuary.

While the corruption of the press is apparent to all, and the necessity of reform in many features admitted, the fact is established, that its power is incalculable. It is very much to be lamented that, in the absorbing interest of other matters during the war and since, journalism has developed a loose system of morals, and that, in many cases, disregard for the opinion of the more refined class of citizens has degenerated into ill-disguised contempt. That much that is published as news is disgraceful, and unfit to be seen and read, is a fact; but it is also a fact that the depraved taste of many readers craves the publication of such matter. And who is there, prominent in either of the great political parties of to-day, who has not received his spatter of filth from the pen of an editor? The privacy of the family circle is invaded, and every means, it matters not how dishonorable, is resorted to, in order to defeat the aspirant. It is astonishing how men, whose abilities would enable them to take rank among the foremost journalists, sacrifice principle, and all that is noble and honorable, for the pleasure of dishing up a column of vituperation and slander. They play with men's reputations as freely and familiarly, and with apparently as much pleasure, as a kitten does with a ball of yarn. They will, at times, excuse themselves, or palliate their offense, by saying of the victim, that, if innocent, he can live down censure; but if guilty, he meets his just deserts. The great cry of the time is for *honest* men in high places. While this does not allow one to infer that *all*

public men are dishonest, it gives us to understand that it is generally so. The fact is—and men may deny it, but the fact remains—honest, respectable men dare not accept nomination for office. The sacrifice demanded is too much. They feel that, so soon as they present themselves as candidates before the people, a broadside of contumely will assail them, which, unless they are morally, mentally, and almost physically Samsons, they can not withstand. Their whole life is ventilated, and their history appears, at various times, in the daily papers, seasoned to suit the purpose and end of their political opponents.

The last Presidential campaign clearly demonstrates this to be the painful fact. Never was a man so maligned and abused as Horace Greeley. His editorial career fitted him, better than any man has ever been, for the position of a political candidate; but so malignant was the opposition, that even he was compelled to yield to its power, and his death was the result. Better had it been for him had some ruffian, at midnight, plunged a dagger to his vitals than have suffered the slow torture he did. The people, it is true, would have cried out in indignation; but death would have been none the surer, and certainly less painful. Were justice done, well might the God above brand these as was Cain, showing they had taken a life. For them

"The frown of God none too severe,  
The fires of hell too terrible."

The civil war was the means of accomplishing great ends. That coming directly within the scope of our subject is "illustrated papers," of which, while they may not be regarded as properly a part of journalism, the cartoons are acknowledged as one of the most efficient adjuncts of the political press. It has been asserted that the caricatures of Th. Nast did more to accomplish the election of General Grant to the Presidency than any other single agency. "The intelligent are convinced through the ear and mind, the ignorant through the eye and mind." Many were able to read these pictures, who could n't say the alphabet or read a line. Yet they do great injustice to the subject. We have read that "half the truth is the biggest lie;" and, while these cartoons may present the truth, it is but half the truth. Can any words express the contempt due to the authors of such disgraceful pictures of the prominent politicians found in *Frank Leslie's* and *Harper's Weekly*—the one Republican the other Democratic? These accomplished their end; but does the end justify the means? Because a man smokes a cigar, or deems it fit and proper

to wear a white coat and hat, should he, merely for difference of political opinions, be presented to the public gaze in the most humiliating and ridiculous figures imaginable? The dirty throw dirt; the little dogs bark. These are now of the past; but they are not forgotten. The expression of public sentiment on the death of the principal victim was such as has seldom, if ever before, greeted any one. To place legal restrictions on such productions would be unjust. Destroy the liberty of the press, and you destroy its efficiency. Writers may err; after a time they will see their error, and remedy the evil. Until the press voluntarily and from principle desists from such unwise and ungenerous criticism, it is best to allow it to continue. But even now public opinion is so plainly expressed and realized by the press itself, that it has at last yielded, and admitted its corruption, and is making efforts at reform. One of the prominent journals of the West even acknowledged to being the paper of the slums, the outcasts, and the fallen of that city.

The illustrated press is the great "art-gallery of the world, price of admission ten cents," by the *Graphic* (daily) reduced to five cents. Humanity, in all its happiness and woe, is pictured by these, from life in the mansions of Fifth Avenue to squalid poverty in the hovels of Five Points. The greatest gift that you can bestow on your child would be the bound volumes of these illustrated papers. They educate the mind more readily than do books. Nature is the great text-book for the unlearned—pictures for the little ones. The books and papers with pictures are seized with avidity, and read with alacrity.

The greatest wonder of the age, in both typography and engraving, is the *Daily Graphic*. This is the only illustrated paper in the world, issued daily, in which the events of one day appear in an engraving in the issue of the succeeding. Surely, this is something new under the sun! How a full-page picture can be engraved in twenty-four hours, is surprising; and yet this is done nearly every day in the year; and they are remarkable specimens of skill. There is little doubt that, in a few years, this particular branch will be as common as any other.

The weekly journals, once so powerful in molding the minds of their readers, are now compelled to yield the palm to the city dailies. Weekly press is synonymous with country press. The railroads bring within the reach of every one the daily news. The religious press is a powerful agency in the world in training and educating the morals of the community, and in the upbuilding of the cause of

Christ. By the religious weeklies, the pulpit and preachers are enabled to address millions of people. The great moral, social, and religious topics of the day receive equal attention from the clerical as from the secular editor. The editor of a religious paper is represented as one of the two greatest of living journalists, the other being Wendell Phillips.

We have yet another class of journals to speak of. They are known as the sensational papers; and the numbers sold are enormous. The injury done by these to both old and young, whose minds and morals are vitiated by this accursed literature, is inestimable. Many of them have been established for the express purpose of selecting the most filthy, degrading, lascivious, and prurient matter for publication, to be scattered broadcast over the land. They regard this as of most interest; and, indeed, find many readers. These items are pictured in the most highly colored language, and seasoned, oftentimes, with richest thought. The finest writers are found employed in this kind of labor, preparing themselves and thousands of others for the devil and his angels. Innuendoes, reflecting on the character of ministers, are seized as choice tidbits, and heralded the world over. It is a matter for rejoicing, however, that the number of readers of these papers is as small as it is; also of others of this class, which publish numerous and exciting fictitious stories, the narcotics of literature. They are light as to character and loose as to morals. The mind becomes inured to thoughtlessness, and forms a dislike for more profitable reading. Is it to be wondered at that so many do-little people are to be found in the world, when the only practical ideas of life are formed from the reading of such literature? The father who allows one of these papers to pass the threshold of his door, endangers the future usefulness of his family. Christian men and moral men can not afford to subject their children to such temptation as this kind of reading presents.

But we have wandered from the main idea of the word *journalism*, as generally understood. The daily press is the synonym, and that which meets the demand. Dailies now are seldom seen, as of yore, containing original poems and carefully prepared essays. These have all fallen to the lot of the stately magazines. Years ago, the patriotic effusions of the writers of the times more readily found a place in the columns of the papers than anywhere else. The finest poems of George D. Prentice were first published in the *Louisville Journal*. The lines of

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well,"



were first published in the New York *Mirror*, as were also those of

"Woodman! spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough!"

lines familiar to nearly every school-boy in the land, and which never lose their interest. It is believed, too, that these inimitable lines of Whittier first appeared in a newspaper:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

These grand results in journalism, to which we have paid but a slight tribute, have not been accomplished without great labor. There is an ever-increasing demand for qualified journalists, both male and female. A more inviting field for doing good, a more enviable profession, could not be selected. But to the young aspirant is offered a reward, which will only be obtained by indomitable energy, devotion to this one object, and a life of severe labor. Isaac Watts speaks of it thus:

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!"

A successful journalist must be a man with one idea, and that one the success of his paper. Whoever has any ambition to rise should make the chief position his goal, and cease his labors only with his life. We are constrained to close this article with the beautiful description of the newspaper by Whittier:

"At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.  
Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
To warmer zones the horizon spread;  
In panoramic length unrolled,  
We saw the marvels that it told.  
... Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
Its record mingling in a breath,  
The wedding-knell, the dirge of death;  
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
The latest culprit sent to jail;  
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost;  
Its vendue sale, and goods at cost,  
And traffic calling loud for gain.  
We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us beat;  
The chill embargo of the snow  
Was melted in the genial glow;  
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
And all the world was ours once more."

RELIGIOUS joy is a holy, delicate deposit. It is a pledge of something greater, and must not be thought lightly of; for let it be withdrawn only for a little, and notwithstanding the experience we may have had of it, we shall find no living creature can restore it unto us, and we can only, with David, cry, "*Restore unto me, O Lord, the joy of thy salvation!*"

## TIMOTHY ROSEBUSH.

BY HELEN J. WOLFE.

I HAD stopped in the patriotic town of Liberty, where I expected business to detain me for a week; and, having a letter of introduction to a lawyer of the place, I duly made myself known, and strolled out with him for a walk. It was a warm July evening. The sun was going down amid gorgeous colors, casting his burning light over the mackerel-sky which canopied the sward where we halted. This sward, furnished with rustic benches, and having the town-pump in its center, served the Libertonians for a park. Many of the towns-people were gathering outside their doors to enjoy the breeze and the beauties of the sunset, to say nothing of each other's society.

We were discussing the scene, in a manner somewhat romantic for middle-aged men of business, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a queer compound of dignity and deformity coming down the path and stopping at the pump. The head of this individual was sunk between his shoulders, like a chimney between the inclined halves of a roof. His yellow skin, although filled with fine wrinkles, appeared to be tightly drawn over his jaw-bones. He had dull, black eyes, so deeply set in their sockets as to seem at times lost to view, while back of his thin lips shone two rows of large white teeth. His legs were slender and weak-looking, and he walked with his hands clasped behind him, just under a huge, pyramidal hump which protruded from his back. The man's figure was peculiar, yet it was not this which drew my notice, so much as the expression of mental agony and hopelessness manifest in his gait as well as in every feature. It was impossible to look at him, without pitying him for living.

Apparently, he was a man of sorrows; but sorrows for which there was no balm in Gilead, no alleviation in human aid.

My companion nodded his head toward him, remarking:

"That individual has a sort of ludicrously sad history."

"I should judge it to be sad enough," said I. "What is it?"

"Do you see this house fronting us, with the yard filled with rose-bushes, and grass knee-high?" pointing to a brick house with lot joining this primitive park, and door-plate bearing the name of Dr. Eaton. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he told me the following story:

Nearly a half-century ago Dr. Eaton came

out of his office one evening, saddle-bags in hand, and stopped to admire the tall timothy-grass, which was his pride then as it is now. The smoothness of the greensward was unbroken, except by a full-blooming rose-bush or two, which were the especial care of the doctor's wife, as the grass was of the doctor himself. Inhaling the delicious fragrance of mingled flower and herb, the good man sniffed in the air like a school-boy, and commenced whistling our much-maligned national air, "Yankee Doodle," when, suddenly, he espied a dark object under his wife's roses. He broke off his tune abruptly, and stooped to examine it. Then, as my friend's wife said, because he was a wise man, whose self-conceit had never reached the towering height which despises a woman's counsel, he called out, brusquely, "Hannah! O, Hannah!" And she, as my friend said, being a good wife, hastened to obey his summons, and found him standing, ankle-deep, in the bluish-green grass which surrounded her roses.

"Has my bush sprouted?" she asked, stepping down on the pavement.

The doctor gave a short, jolly sort of a laugh, and replied:

"Yes, come and see this live sprout!" And sure enough, there, at the foot of the bush, sound asleep, lay a swarthy-skinned, good-featured male child.

We generally read of foundlings having upon their persons an exquisitely embroidered dress, or little golden ornament, which afterward leads to a noble identity; but this waif only wore a simple garment of unbleached muslin, awkwardly cut and carelessly stitched together; for this was before Howe had given to the world his wonderful mechanism of the sewing-machine. There was one thing queer about it, and that was, that beside him lay a beautiful sea-shell, on one side of which was delicately carved a king's crown and scepter, and on the other a ship in full rig.

"Sakes alive! Where did that child come from?" Mrs. Eaton exclaimed, in true feminine astonishment. Upon which the doctor suggested that he be wakened and interrogated.

"For," said the worthy man, "he must be three or four years old, and ought to know his own name."

So they shook the child, and when he wonderingly opened a pair of black, lusterless eyes upon them, vigorously plied him with questions, to which he replied never an intelligent word. Whether he spoke a foreign tongue, or essayed baby language, it was meaningless babble to the perplexed couple into whose hands he had

fallen. So it was to all the neighborhood; for there was no one within a radius of twenty miles who did not hear of the child, in the inquiries instituted for his natural protectors. Mrs. Eaton took possession of his slip and toy.

"For," said she to her husband, "I don't believe his parents will claim him in a hurry, and these things may some time be a clew to identify him."

Mrs. Eaton was right: nobody came to claim him, although the doctor advertised him in the town paper, and even went so far as to send a description of him to the police of a neighboring city; but then the doctor would have been glad to get rid of him. At last the boy became a fixture in the Eaton family; but as he never succeeded in making them understand his name, they discussed the propriety of giving him a new one, somewhat suggestive of his condition. From the genus 'of the green bed where he was lying, and the species of the shrub that covered him, the doctor and his wife simultaneously agreed to bestow upon him the floral name which heads this sketch,—Timothy Rosebush.

So the child lived at the Eaton place, and grew, but not with that uniformity which gives promise of the graceful, well-developed man. His legs did n't keep pace with his body, and a disagreeable hump between his shoulders, which Mrs. Eaton had hoped he might "outgrow," really seemed in danger of outgrowing him. Then, too, the cerebellum, if one might judge from the shape of his skull, seemed to encroach on the cerebrum; but the doctor, who had studied into the doubtful science of phrenology, only committed himself so far as to declare emphatically that the boy was wrongly organized.

Timothy gradually dropped his incomprehensible manner of talking, and picked up a fair share of plain English. At the age prescribed by law, he was installed as a pupil in the village public-school, yet it can not be said he was remarkable for either industry or rapid progress. The Eatons clothed, fed, and lodged him, as a kind of forced incumbrance, which might some time miraculously repay them for their trouble; while the wielder of the birch drilled him because he was paid for doing just such work, and it mattered not who were the recipients of his care. Thus Tim slipped along until he stood on the verge of manhood, without seeming to know or care who he was or what claims he had on the community. Then Mrs. Eaton thought it high time to divulge to him so much of the secret of his babyhood as she knew.

One day she asked, composedly: "Tim,

do n't you ever feel a desire to learn something about your parentage?"

But the boy only repeated, "My parentage!" with infantile wonder.

"Yes: would n't you like to know who were your father and mother?"

"O, so much!" he replied, a look of interest shining in his small black eyes; "tell me."

"I do n't know any thing about them," said Mrs. Eaton, surprised that Tim should think she did. But such a look of keen disappointment came into his face that she quickly drew the sea-shell from her pocket, and extended it, together with the slip, toward him. "You know, Timothy, how and where we found you. These are your things, and I think you are old enough to keep them now."

Tim grasped the toy eagerly, and inspected it carefully.

"I've been thinking about my family a long while. It could n't have belonged to any miserable pauper. I wa' n't so awful low down, or I would n't have had that."

"It might have been given to you," prudently intimated Mrs. Eaton. "Besides, the sack, or shirt, or whatever you might call it, is the coarsest quality of cotton."

"People do n't give away such a rarity," persisted the boy, clinging to the idea that he might be somebody.

It is strange how low human nature must fall before the ambition to belong by birth or circumstances to the class of society recognized as the "best," will leave one. Here was Timothy Rosebush—with no name, no means, no mental nor personal advantages, to speak of—actually breathing hard, flushing in the cheeks, and trembling in the limbs, with the hope that, in the knowledge of his extraction might be discovered a summons to mount upward in the scale of social life. He scanned the shell carefully, noting the exquisitely carved crown and scepter, the ship with its flying sails and life-boat, but only glanced contemptuously at the unbleached gown which Mrs. Eaton laid across his lean knees. Suddenly rubbing his eyes as if just awakened from a sleep, he exclaimed vehemently:

"I can remember now! I lived at a place with greenhouses and fountains and lace curtains. All America has nothing half so fine. O, the flowers and trees and statues that adorned acres upon acres; and the house—but it was no house, it was a palace like the pictures in the geography. That must have been my home! And at the window stood a lady with O, such a dress! purple and white, with bright specks, shining like stars, on her hands and

neck and head. That must have been my mother."

"But, Tim, my child, how came you deserted and in our grass, asleep?" asked Mrs. Eaton, doubting the truth of his convictions.

"I do n't know; but folks next to the gods do n't take kindly to babies with humps between the shoulders," said the boy, glancing ruefully over at the protuberance on his back.

Mrs. Eaton knew so little of people in high life, that she made no attempt to gainsay her *protégé*. In fact, he might have stated that his parents cast him into the sea, from which he was rescued after the manner of Jonah, and she would have done no more than express a mild surprise.

From this time there was a commendable change apparent in Timothy. Hitherto Mrs. Eaton had seen frequent occasions to reprove him for slovenly habits; but, under the spur of new ideas, he grew very neat. He took rather more pains in preserving the whiteness of his hands than was compatible with his position; would sit for hours in the hay-loft dreaming, and even appeared to take a morbid interest in the perusal of certain subjects; namely, the government of nations, and history. His comprehension did not, indeed, improve, except so far as close attention can not fail of doing its work; but he was absorbed. Gradually he seemed to recall a picture of a ship on the sea that was too vivid to be all imagination; but then he had studied into the incidents of history and romance of geography, so one never knew just how much he was aided by the wood-cuts heading each chapter.

About a year after Mrs. Eaton had given him charge of his own keepsakes, he electrified the family by boldly announcing that he was of royal birth. He had no idea of the country where the throne of his parents was erected; he was certain they had cast him out on account of his deformity; but that he was rightfully heir to a kingdom, or, at least, a dukedom, became a fixed idea in his own mind. At last he began to bend all his energy toward fitting himself to come into possession of his inheritance.

"For," said he, quoting a very trite and much perverted saying, "'Blood will tell;' and because I can remember with so much reverence the face of my mother and home of my childhood, I feel in my heart they'll some time remember me."

Here Timothy was wont to place his hands rather sentimentally over his waistcoat; but the conviction was strong nevertheless. Once Mrs. Eaton said confidentially to her husband:

"We must try to get poor Tim over his crazy



notions. He is bound to be terribly disappointed at last."

But the doctor answered, with that pomposity which the best of men will occasionally assume toward the weaker vessels:

"Hannah, you just let Tim alone. Our moral nature is weak; and young people, especially, must be all the time held up, or they'll go down. Now, that boy's got nothing to hold him up but his lofty notions. Just as like as not he'd be cursing and drinking about the street if he was n't afraid of bringing disgrace on those who gave him birth. An' likely he'll never discover his mistake."

Then, like a good wife, and because her own opinion was not very decided, Mrs. Eaton gave in to the doctor's. Tim did chores tolerably well, and nobody tried to teach him any thing else. He might, indeed, have done better had it not been for an absurd desire to keep his hands from looking toil-worn; yet he was ordinarily useful. He had picked up all of royal and aristocratic life that was told in the books circulating through the village, and his imagination was quickened by repeated perusals of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." He would harangue the town lads for hours together about the greatness of his family, and his expectations. The boys got to addressing him as, "Your Royal Highness," and whether they did it in respect or derision, the sound pleased him. His way of speaking to people grew patronizing, even disagreeably so, to those not in sympathy with him.

It may seem strange in this age of enlightenment and progress that no one ridiculed young Rosebush out of his apparently preposterous notions; but Liberty liked a sensation then. Besides, he was so confident of a royal pedigree, that others became imbued with a portion of his faith. Dr. Eaton's enemies even made sly remarks about his selfishness in harboring this strange youth.

It has been said that children usually consign a man to his proper place; and certain it is that, while grown folks showed Timothy Rosebush a certain deference, little folks got off many sneers and much crude sarcasm at his expense. He was not unfrequently greeted by the crowd around the town-pump, with the song:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a hump on his back had he."

Sometimes they likened him to Sindbad, the sailor, and at others to Eudes, the idiot. Whether Timothy was blessed with a serene temper, or whether his mind soared so far beyond the present that he was oblivious of these

taunts and jokes, I do not know, but his countenance never betrayed any knowledge of them. At last there came a time—it comes to all people—when he began to feel the need of money and independence: therefore his reveries took a sadder turn; yet it was a sadness "resembling sorrow only, as the mist resembles rain." His seriousness was not unobserved by Mrs. Eaton, who had her moments of self-accusation for bringing him up without any especial calling. One moonlight evening she sat in the doorway watching Timothy's whitish folded hands, as they shone upon his black pants from the grass at her feet. The work of the household was all done; so there was no reason why his hands should not be folded, though the neighbors thought there was reason why they should not be white.

"Timothy," she asked, "do you feel you are doing all the Good Man requires, running around at chores?" She was a devout believer in the possibilities of mankind, and felt afraid that even Tim had not found the fullness of his being.

"That was the drift o' my own meditations, ma'am," he replied, unclasping his hands and reclasping them an inch or two nearer his knees. "I'm in search of nepenthe. The fact is, I need some money." He finished, losing sight of his dictionary.

"How would you like to study with the doctor, or get a place to clerk in a store?"

"Not very well, ma'am."

Mrs. Eaton, kind soul, would have proposed a trade, but she respected the youth's high notions. After a while he said, as if just introducing the conversation:

"I've been thinking about starting in business, Mrs. Eaton, though there be those who may some time object to it. I have great insight in the art of weaving. Artistic taste is an attribute of the high-born; so is an understanding of the theories of government. Next to being a consul, I think I'd rather be a weaver. You know I've wove a good deal for you, Mrs. Eaton; you know how I take the raw material, a heterogeneous conglomeration of colored bits of yarn, and bring it out in beautiful smooth fabrics."

Here Timothy arose from the grass, and, with his hands crossed behind him, commenced walking up and down the path, in a kind of morbid enthusiasm. He had done considerable weaving at the cumbrous old loom, for in those days many families in the rural districts wove their own cloth; but the stray jobs he would be likely to get would hardly justify one in regarding it as a vocation for support. After a while, he added in explanation:

"It's not likely I shall follow *any* business long, and I'd best not learn any thing new."

"Why, Tim," exclaimed his best friend in surprise, "I thought you were particular about your employment."

"So I am; but doctors and weavers will be all one to them that wear a crown. Common individuals pick out fine differences; but I am looking beyond that."

There was something regal in the poise of Timothy's head, notwithstanding the hump between his shoulders.

"It's not worth while, Timothy, to walk all your life on the tow-path and be keeping your eyes on the bow-stem," was the sententious reply; but, for all that, the boy had somehow impressed the whole neighborhood with a sense of his possible importance.

In all of Tim's air-castles there were grand plans for the elevation of the Eaton family. He was dimly sensible of obligations to them, and firmly expected to pay them with princely munificence; but the very fact of designing to pay his debts with compound interest, as it were, made him *less* sensible of owing them. Dr. Eaton's friends said slyly that Tim was ungrateful; but this was not altogether true.

The day after Tim's conversation with Mrs. Eaton, he said to the doctor:

"I'm going to leave your service, and take jobs of weaving." Then, after a pause: "It will seem queer to you, some day, to have had a boy of illustrious birth living with you."

"We all have need of money; but I do n't believe odd jobs of weaving will net you much."

"It will do until I come into possession of my inheritance," answered Tim, with child-like assurance.

A week or two after the subject was discussed in the Eaton family, Timothy let it be known throughout the vicinity that he was prepared to take jobs of weaving for a compensation.

Said my companion: "I recollect his weaving at our house when I was a little shaver; and no matter how busily he shifted the shuttle from hand to hand, he talked incessantly of the splendors he was born to, occasionally going off on the faults of our republican system of government. 'O,' he would exclaim rapturously, 'I can smell the rare flowers yet. I can see the great palace looming up behind the trees, with its wide windows and lace curtains, and, more than all, my elegant mother standing there in her jewels!' It was always the same thing, and he would generally add, piteously: 'O, it's awful to be deformed and ugly and mean among the great of this world! It is no wonder they cast me out; but they'll recall me yet, and I'll

"be watchful for my opportunities,"' quoting unconsciously from the sagacious Periander.

"Tim did n't escape the common lot of mortals. It was a young lady staying at our house with whom he fell in love. He had never thought of any other girl, and no other girl had ever thought of him. In fact, this one did n't, until he caught her little, brown, hard hand in his shapely, pale one, and, out of the fullness of his heart, told her of his great expectations; *then* he suddenly acquired importance in her sight. She was prudent enough to ask how he knew all this, and he was enthusiastic enough to answer, with his hand upon his heart:

"I remember the great palace where I was born. I see my mother now, as she stood at the window with jewels shining on her hair and neck and arms. She was like a snow-wreath."

"But you are dark," interrupted the girl.

"I am like my father. O, if you could see the gardens surrounding that grand structure, you would think nothing else worth living for. There were parks and flowers and artificial ponds, such as America knows nothing of. Then I crossed the ocean in a ship with flags and pennons flying; but it's a dull place to stay. I was sent away because of this." He threw back his head and glanced significantly at his unsightly hump.

"That was a strange thing for a mother to do," observed the young woman, incredulously.

"Yes, for mothers in the inferior walks of life; but not for one so far removed from common beings as she. This protuberance was worse in my infancy than now"—he explained, seeking some palliation for his mother's desertion. On the contrary, his hump had grown faster than the rest of his body; but the girl did not tell him so."

Tim wove and wove, and with every thread the remembrances of his childhood grew more real to him. It is sad to think how many years go over our heads, leaving us in the same routine, hoping always for a time which shall bring us more ease or variety or happiness—a time which comes to so few of us. The years went round, and brought no change to Timothy Rosebush, until he reached his thirtieth year. The boys he had grown up with were settled in business; the girl he had loved was married. Although in the prime of life, he was hardly of man's stature, the hump on his back seeming to be taken from his height. There was no alteration in his mode of life, and none in his manner, except a painful impatience and leanness, grown of so many years anxious waiting. This cadaverousness and melancholy were productive of some good, however, since the

contempt which the juvenile portion of community had been wont to show, came to be crowded out by a sort of pity.

"Why should I care for their derision?" he had once said. "I am the son of a king. Some day they will be ready to give half their lives for my favor."

Tim always called Dr. Eaton's house home, and it was here he was coming on the evening of his thirtieth birthday. Tired from a long walk, he stopped at the well to drink before going in. Mrs. Eaton came out to him, and, with a face somewhat perplexed, somewhat sad, said: "Timothy, there is a man on the stoop who can tell you something about your parentage."

She meant to break the news gently; but, like many people of good intentions, blundered upon it in an abrupt way. A sudden joy broke over Timothy's face; the light shone in his eyes, and the premature wrinkles disappeared as if by magic. He stood for an instant transfixed and speechless; then, recovering his voice, with a great bound he exclaimed:

"At last—thank God!" He was so certain.

"Tim, Tim, it is not as you think," Mrs. Eaton cried out, making an effort to detain him; but he was already half-way up the path.

On the porch sat a bloated, ill-favored, white-haired old man, in garb dirty and ill-fitting, with face scarred and seamed by a long life of dissipation and neglect. Timothy would have run by without seeing this pitiable object; but the man arose and stood in his way.

"Let me pass," haughtily demanded Tim, trembling with excitement. "My noble father, my magnificent mother, now I shall see you! Delay me not."

But the man stood up, and answered thickly: "Your noble father? I'm your father, hunchback."

"Let me by, villain. You mock me." Timothy fairly screamed in his impatience, vainly endeavoring to pass, either on the right-hand or on the left. But the old man laughed derisively, nodding his repulsive head up and down vigorously for one of his years.

"This is a nice way to treat your father what has n't seen you for twenty-six years. I came here to be took care of, I did, and you're the one what'll have to do it. You've had time enough to earn money, and nobody has a better right to it than yer own flesh and blood."

Mrs. Eaton had now come up from the well, and the doctor came out of his office in the opposite direction. They looked in silence from one man to the other; the younger one with face troubled, incredulous, the wrinkles

each moment deepening; the older one, with face bloated, hideous, soiled with the dust of travel; but the features were an exact counterpart. No father and son could be more like. Doctor Eaton stepped forward and laid his hand on the shoulder of his *protégé*.

"Tim, my boy, I'm afraid the stranger is right; but let us all take seats, and talk it over."

By this time the joyous light had all gone out of Tim's eyes, and instead appeared a look of resentful despair. In heart-broken accents he cried:

"Do n't tell me that, Doctor; for Heaven's sake do n't!" but he took one of the four chairs which were brought to the stoop.

"Now, stranger," the doctor began in a business-like way, though his lip trembled; for he, too, felt that he might have educated Tim out of his absurd fancies—"let us hear what you know of this young man."

The old sot's eyes gleamed maliciously, as well as triumphantly, when he began:

"I can tell ye jest where ye found that ere chap. It was twenty-six year ago last June. I stood down beyant the hedge and watched till ye came out and got him; for I'd jest put him fast asleep under the roses. Ye see I thought some of him, or I should n't a' took pains to fetch him to the best house in the place. He was four year old then, about. Fact, he's thirty year old to-day. The old woman, his mother, had took to drink and wa'n't no account. It was a fall she give him that made that ugly knot atween his shoulders. As we was tramping around the country together, not knowing what day we'd fetch up to the work-house for vagrants, I thought 't would be a good part by him to drop him. Now I want my pay for it, by being took care of, I do."

The old man leered, and poked a dirty cut of tobacco into his mouth.

"But I remember a splendid palace, with great windows, and marble pillars, and turrets," repeated Tim, catching, like the drowning man, at a straw, while he placed his hands on his head and closed his eyes to be sure it was no dream. "There were lace curtains fit for the gods, and parks, and flowers in glass-houses, such as I never saw since; and, more than all, the lady with the white face, and diamonds on her neck. Then, I have the shell that I played with then."

The stranger laughed coarsely. "Sure, and it was the queen's own castle you saw, only old King George lived in it then. The lady—she might a' been a queen for what I know; but that came nigh being a heavy day to us. We'd no business in, but we stole through the big



gate and got among the trees, and I picked up the shell what somebody had dropped. It wa'n't good enough pay for the risk I run, though. When you recollect so much, it's queer you don't recollect how the gardener drove us out, and how we went aboard an emigrant-ship."

Tim did remember the vessel: he had spoken of it; and now, since these things were mentioned, he seemed to go back of the splendor of royal residences to the squalor of the peasant's cabin. He saw the turf-floor, the pile of straw in a corner, the pig-sty by the door. Gradually he felt convinced of his life-long mistake. He arose from his chair, pale, haggard, almost imbecile, yet with a determination as unexpected as it was admirable. Instead of throwing themselves upon the county, as paupers, Tim lived with the old man in an unclaimed cabin, and wove for his support.

"He had a hard time of it," said my friend, rising from the bench and stretching his limbs. "The old fellow grew terribly troublesome before he died; but he was undoubtedly Tim's father, and we have to pay the penalty of our follies as well as our crimes in this world."

"And how did the towns-people, over whom Tim had felt such superiority, treat him in this reverse of fortune?" I asked.

"Ah! that's where the bright side of human nature has a chance to discover itself," was the reply, with as much zeal as if he had been pleading a case in court. "Every one came forward with an earnest show of sympathy, and, first of all, the few who had derided poor Tim's extravagant ideas. Why, there is n't a house in all Liberty where Rosebush can't be certain of friendly treatment. But, poor fellow, he is broken-hearted over his disappointment."

While we were talking, the hunchback finished his promenade and disappeared inside a cabin which stood a dozen rods from the park. As we walked away, the lawyer said:

"There is a deal of unhappiness arising in this world from false ideas of the positions we were born to fill. I do n't believe that society always accords a man to his proper status, yet it is unwise to set one's aim too high. Sometimes natural ability will carry a man up, and sometimes circumstances will do so, but it generally takes both together; and because these two requisites are not united in our cases, it is not worth while to waste life in idle re-pinings and useless aspirations. Better fill the niche that is suited to us, and if ever we are called to come up higher, we will not find it amiss to have carried a willing hand and cheerful heart in our humbler sphere."

## A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

ALMOST daily have we heard the questions: "What will Mrs. A. think of me if I do this or that?" "What will Mrs. B. think if I dress in so plain a manner?" or, "What will C. think if we go to such a place, or associate with such people?" And the questioner spends more thought over these questions than another would over the solution of a problem in Euclid.

Would it not be more sensible to ask, What shall we think of ourselves if we do these things? Are we living for ourselves, or our acquaintances? Do we have a pretty home for our own comfort, or to gratify those who may occasionally enter it? Do we wear plain garments that others may see our "good works," or to gratify our own Quaker taste? Do we adorn ourselves to please our husbands, or that others may envy us?

We should be very much happier if we formed a true idea of what we can not consistently do, and what is proper for one in our station of life to do, and then do the right thing regardless of Mrs. Grundy.

We know that this is a hard thing; but we have often thought, if it were not for the cares of this world—not thinking that they are unnecessary cares—we could rise to a freer, nobler, higher life; and we have often wished that we could fix a principle within us that should make us regard, first of all, duty in these matters, and live more within self, so that we might attain contentment and real pleasure.

Instead of finding pleasure, one has a very uncomfortable feeling when following any one to curry the favor of a smile or a passing notice, and then the having to take so much pains, as to make it noticeable, to tell the remark made to us by "our particular friend, Mrs. Parvenu."

We are often reminded of a picture that we once saw, where a king sat on an elevated throne, and a trifle lower was a duke holding the train of his garments, and beneath the nobleman stood a statesman holding the train of the nobleman, and many others in the same position, until the last person in a long, winding trail was a beggar holding the tattered train of a chimney-sweep.

It matters not what position of life we may be in, we shall find some one, who, whether he really is or not, holds himself somewhat above us; it may be only a step, and it may be so immeasurably above that he has fixed a gulf between that we can not cross, and he mentally ridicules us for making the attempt to do so, or

for trying to ape him on our side of the chasm, and we, even while persistently striving, are very uncomfortable, and often positively unhappy.

We know that wealth and parade will give any one a certain influence in the world, and we often see those who will do a wealthy person a favor, seeming to regard it as an excellent investment for personal aggrandizement; but it does not pay to lose one's self-respect and independence for the chance of gaining a lift one round of the ladder of fashionable life.

We think that most of woman's troubles come from her anxiety about others' opinion of her dress and house, and it seems wrong to waste money, time, and thought to make a sham-life for other people to look at; and such "other people," too! Why, the very ones that we put on all this style and these airs for, have so little regard for us, that they would, without hesitation, snub us if we met them in the presence of some one who held the train of one far higher than themselves.

We have been reading Howells's story in the *Atlantic*, and we know that there is many a Mr. Arbuton in the world (only we think that they are mostly in the feminine gender), who unhesitatingly ignores the presence of a friend when in the society of those on a higher round of the ladder.

We took up an Eastern paper this morning, and read: "J. Q. Homer, who realized \$500,000 on raised certificates, is but forty years of age, and has heretofore sustained an enviable reputation. The difficulty in his case appears to be extravagance beyond his legitimate means. His wife has been in the habit of wearing diamonds of many thousand dollars in value, with dress rich enough to correspond."

It was the extravagance of Mrs. Homer that ruined her husband, morally and financially.

I was well acquainted with her before their marriage, and I believe that they would have been happy and respected to-day if it had not been for her desire to have what her wealthier neighbors had. She was accustomed to luxury, and though John Homer was a good business-man when she married him, he was not rich, and could not afford to live as though he was; but he could not deny the wife that he so dearly loved any expressed wish, be it ever so unreasonable, and now he is ruined. He must go through life with heart bowed with bitter grief, realizing that he has the scorn of all honest men, and all on account of the covetousness in the heart of his wife.

They had been married four or five years when I spent a few months with them, and

during that time envy and covetousness, the besetting sins of woman's heart, grew like the gourd that, in a night, became so large that it was a shadow over Jonah. The feeling seemed to commence with a desire for a piano, like one owned by a wealthy friend.

Mrs. Homer had been making fashionable calls one afternoon, and when her husband came to tea, he said:

"Well, Elinor, did you have a pleasant time 'this afternoon?' and were your friends at home?"

"Yes: rather pleasant," she replied, in an indifferent tone. "We made five calls," she added, after a pause, "and all were at home but Mrs. Dr. Warner."

"I know but little of that kind of business; but, as our black Joe would say, 'Pears like 't was a smart day's job,'" was his laughing reply.

"I am astonished at your slang," said Mrs. Homer, in a dignified way.

I had often seen Elinor at school when disturbed, and I knew that she had met with something to vex her during the afternoon; for she was usually quite amiable, and seldom was unkind by word or look to the man whose idol she was.

Mr. Homer looked hurt at her remark, and glanced at me to see if I noticed it; but I was, just then, very much interested in a new book that he had brought home the day before.

"There's the tea-bell," he said at last, and looked quite relieved that some sound broke the silence.

When we were comfortably seated at the table covered with the finest linen, on which were the rarest dainties of the season, Mr. Homer bowed his head to thank the Giver of these perfect gifts; and although Elinor bowed her head also, I hardly think that she noticed what he said, and her first remark, soon after, disclosed what her thoughts were.

"I met Mrs. Lincoln on the street this afternoon, and she had on an elegant camel's-hair shawl. It made my Paisley look so mean that I felt ashamed to stop and speak with her. I saw her look at my shawl, and smile sort of pitifully."

Mr. Homer looked at his wife in astonishment; and I must confess that I was surprised to hear such a remark from her, although I knew her innate desire to have every thing as good, or a little better, than her friends; but, after a moment, her husband said:

"I am sorry that you had such a feeling. I thought, when I selected your shawl, that it was very pretty. It is exceedingly fine and of

a desirable pattern, and but one other in the city like it. But, my dear, would you exchange shawls with her if you also had to take the husband who purchased it? I suppose the reason she married the old man, was to get good clothes. Poor woman! that is all that she does get; for he is too selfish to love or care for any one but himself. Would you exchange your handsome husband for old Lincoln and all her fine things?" and Mr. Homer laughed good-naturedly.

But she would not be turned from her wicked thoughts. She had allowed that envy, which, Job says, "slayeth the silly one," to enter her heart, and it had killed all her true and noble feelings, and left her in a wretched condition, worse than sickness or poverty could have made her. Soon she spoke again:

"I called at Mrs. John Bent's, and she has her parlors refurnished. Elegant velvet carpets, that were made for her rooms; curtains of real lace, that never cost a cent less than two thousand dollars for each window," and she looked up with a triumphant glance, which said, "Now do you wonder that I am feeling vexed and uncomfortable?"

"Two thousand dollars a window for curtains! Why, Elinor, one window would have sent Walter and me through college when we were boys. Two thousand dollars! six windows—twelve thousand dollars for curtains! and so many poor fellows working themselves into their graves in the struggle for an education! Twelve thousand dollars, and the woman who owns them has never had an acquaintance with the elements and laws of her mother-tongue. Did she have on the dress with lace arranged to 'stipulate' a cape over the shoulders?" So much money wasted! Her children going the downward path to ruin as fast as their father's money will carry them. O, Elinor, one person does not get all the good things of this life. I think that they average about as evenly as a good Father can distribute them. Would you, with your education, talent, and natural refinement, with our well-regulated home and beautiful baby-boy, change places with her?"

"I have no desire to change places with her; but I do wish you to know just how we are living."

"I do know," said Mr. Homer. "This is splendid bread, so white and light and sweet; and such butter, but few city people are able to procure. These preserved oranges and pineapple are delicious, and the sponge-cake—"

"How absurd you are!" said Elinor, interrupting him. "You know that I did not mean that. You may say what you please about Mrs.

Bent's curtains, they were just perfect; and I hope the day will come when I can have some just like them. If you raise such a cry over her extravagance, I do not know what you would say to the new things at your dear friend Boyden's. He has just purchased another picture that cost five thousand dollars, and she had on the loveliest lavender silk that would almost stand alone, and her children were dressed elegantly. They are going to Europe soon, and will be gone two years. I envy her so much that I do not know what to do;" and Elinor paused for want of breath, after enumerating her friend's good fortune.

"I've seen that picture of Boyden's, and it is a gem. I am not surprised that he was tempted into purchasing it, and am glad that he has the ability to gratify his taste for the beautiful. I do not call him extravagant; they are using the same house and furniture that they had when first married. His books and pictures would be something worth coveting if he was not so free with them that his friends enjoy them nearly as much as though they were their own. I think that he can well afford these things; for his income is very large, and he does his share of feeding the hungry and clothing the poor. To be sure, his wife likes nice clothes; but I've heard you say that she kept a dress forever; and you know that a nice silk is a great deal cheaper than a so-called cheap one. But we have good pictures, Elinor. Father was a good judge, and his pictures are really very excellent, and but few children receive so fine a legacy as the one bequeathed us. You need envy no one their pictures."

"Who talked about envy?" said Mrs. Homer, quite sharply. "I know that our home is good enough; but I wish it was as nice as the homes of my friends."

"Not exactly consistent, methinks," he said, pleasantly.

"Well," said Elinor, taking no notice of his remark, and in a tone that denoted a decision as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, "I have made up my mind to one thing, and that is, that I must have a new piano. Mrs. Kendrick has a new 'parlor Grand' that is perfectly magnificent; and when I thought of her ever playing on our old thing, I fairly blushed. Why, the keys actually rattle, and the frame is so old-fashioned!"

"Not so very old-fashioned, my dear," said Mr. Homer, with a sad tone in his voice; "five years old next Winter. Who was so pleased with it then that she exclaimed, 'What a nice piano! I shall never tire of this?'"

"You need not repeat what I said during the



honey-moon; every one says silly things then; and it is useless trying to turn my thoughts from a new piano; for I am determined to have one."

The subject of the piano was forgotten by Mr. Homer; but every time that Elinor went on the street, she dragged me in to see first a "Chickering," then a "Gorham," a "Steinway," or some kind of an "elegant square grand," till she had her mind fixed upon one for twelve hundred dollars. Her husband was a merchant, and had been in business about ten years, and had a very good income; for, instead of having spent his money to interest his neighbors, he had used all, except what was needed for family expenses, to erect new buildings for his store and warehouse. Usually he could have given his wife a few thousand dollars without missing it in his business, but just now he needed every dollar to pay for his Winter stock of goods, and, besides, the money market was tight. But when Mrs. Homer had determined to accomplish any end, it had always been her boast that she never failed. In a few weeks she said:

"Well, John, when will you get the new piano?"

"New piano! what does the child mean?" and came the ever-ready, pleasant laugh.

"Have you forgotten so soon what I said about a new piano? Have you noticed the shabby one in our parlor?" said Elinor, with a queenly air, that seemed to say, "Am I deigning to explain this again?" and without further explanation, she added, "I have one selected at Leland's, and wish that you would stop and look at it to-morrow."

"I have not thought of purchasing a new piano. Ours will do this five years yet, and, besides, I can not spare the money this Fall. We shall have to be extremely economical this Winter; for we are going to see hard times."

"That is just the way. I never ask for a cent but what a cry is made of 'hard times' and 'economy,'" replied Elinor, in a bitter tone. "I think it is a pity that I married a poor man. We do n't begin to live in the style of the poorest of our acquaintances; and every body knows how mean you are."

When Elinor allowed her temper to rule her, she said many things for which she was afterward sorry. Her husband knew this, and never allowed himself to be vexed with her, or to reply when she was in such a mood; so he left the room, saying pleasantly, "I guess I will go down town," and she heard him close the street-door as he went out; and she knew that it had been his intention to spend the evening at home.

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"He need not think that he can subdue me this way; I will have that piano. It is all nonsense his crying 'hard times,' and 'must calculate closely, or he will fail.' I do n't believe one word of it."

I made no reply, hoping that conscience would say to her, "Your husband has always been truthful with you;" but she would not let it speak, but took a book and read until she grew sleepy; then, looking at her watch, she noticed that it was growing late, and, as she did not use ceremony with one who had been her room-mate four years at boarding-school, she said that she would retire, so that John might see that he did not punish her by going out to spend the evening.

The next morning, the breakfast was eaten without one word from Elinor; and at dinner it was the same. For the first time in the five happy years of their wedded life, she sat at the head of the table silent, with downcast eyes, her lashes sweeping her cheeks, and a grieved look about her mouth, that would have been beautiful if I had not known the reason of it, and mentally thought, "How wicked she is to hurt her good husband in this way!"

After he had gone, she said, "I'll just show him that I will not yield." Although there was a life-long friendship between us, I knew that words of mine would be useless; so I only said:

"Is not Mr. Homer right? He knows best about his business affairs."

"I do n't care if he is right," was her thoughtless answer. "I want a piano as good as Mrs. Kendrick's, and I intend to have one."

During the afternoon, we heard an unusual noise in the hall, and lo! a new piano had been sent, which was even more elegant than the one which she had selected, and with a note from her husband saying that he had rather fail than see her unhappy.

She saw the old piano depart, but with different feelings from what she anticipated. She really had become attached to it; and the new one only made the other things look shabby.

It was not long before she decided that she must have a new carpet and curtains, then new furniture for parlors and chambers. Her husband consented to the change; for he had yielded once, and he knew that it would be useless to veto any resolution of hers. It stopped not here. There must be a new silver service, new China, new side-boards, new dining-room furniture; and, with such a fine house, they must give parties, and they must keep a carriage.

Three years ago, I visited her again. She had a new house, furnished in a costly manner, but just like each house on the fashionable



street on which she lived. The same elegant mirrors, the same window-drapery; carpets of equal value; the paintings and statuettes varied a little—about the same as the flowers and birds in the conservatories. Mr. Homer had changed his business, and he looked care-worn and unhappy. I noticed all absence of family worship, and found that they had left the Church to which he had belonged from his boyhood, and they, or rather she, attended a more fashionable place to worship the meek and lowly Savior. She was as anxious to have her dress or equipage equal or excel that of Mrs. Y. or Mrs. Z., as she had been, ten years ago, to have a piano that would equal Mrs. Kendrick's.

We do not think that she ever found one particle of true happiness in all this. She had no time to devote to her children, and hardly knew them when she met them in the park with the nurse, and to her husband she seemed like a stranger. Her home, instead of being the sacred refuge of her life, was a place to adorn for the envy of her acquaintances.

Nearly every evening was spent at some gay place of entertainment, and, as her husband did not enjoy such scenes, he seldom accompanied her. Her Sabbaths were not the "cool of the day," in which she walked and talked with the Lord, but were, to her, days created for the purpose of wearing the heaviest of drab silk, and the costliest plain bonnet that the ingenuity of a French milliner could devise, to a Church that she invariably spoke of as "the St. Aholiab."

It (St. Aholiab) was filled with all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue and in purple and in scarlet. The first Sabbath that I attended that Church, I left her home with the hope of gaining spiritual strength for the week of temptation to follow. As we walked the aisles, over the softest of carpets, decked with roses so large that my foot hardly covered a leaf, soft music from the opera of "The Barber of Seville" floated on the perfumed air. When I raised my eyes—it may be in devotion, and it may be in astonishment—I saw above, a blue vault studded with shining stars of genuine gold paper.

In front of the congregation was a French Gothic memorial window, and at the other end of "St. Aholiab" was an Elizabethan window, with a name in various colors and curious designs. Clustered and plain columns, with entablatures of the Doric, Tuscan, and Corinthian order, supported arches beneath what my grandmother would have called a gallery, and the whole conglomerate of church and

ceremony being such a mixture of garish architecture and religionism that we did not wonder at the remark made by Mr. Homer, when his wife asked him, at dinner, why he was not at "the St. Aholiab."

His reply was, "I did not feel, to-day, ready to 'take it 'alf and 'alf,' like the Englishman; but preferred to go to a place where they gave us religion of the old-fashioned kind; and I'll go to Music Hall with you to-morrow night to get it diluted, if you think the dose was too strong for me, for I went to hear 'Father Taylor talk to his boys.'"

"How rude you are!" was all the reply vouchsafed.

I want that charity that believeth the very best of every one; but it seemed to me as though Mrs. Homer's anxiety to imitate others was even shown in the arrangement of her pew, her prayer-book, and her devout attitudes.

The envious spirit, which led her to feel uncomfortable because the young wife of a rich old man had a better shawl than her own, kept her uncomfortable and unhappy through life, and drove peace and joy from her home, and brought in a whole troop of the friends of Envy—Pride, Boasting, and Covetousness—to sit with her as constant guests; and the item quoted from an Eastern paper shows the sad fate to which the guests of her heart brought her husband, her children, and herself.

O, Elinor Homer, you are not unlike many others that I have known, and that I know to-day!

Your unoccupied mind took food that contained no nourishment, but only the poison that ruined you; and it was not even slow poison: it has sent swift destruction.

We, who know your sad fate, will pray that we may conquer our besetting sins of pride and envy. They make a poison that brings no pleasure in the drinking of it, but is gall to the taste, and makes one a foe to herself.

When I think of the week of unrest that I spent in her home three years ago, I lean my head back in my easy-chair and look around my plainly furnished room, and, though an ardent lover of the beautiful, I am thankful that I have been kept from ever urging my husband into one act of extravagance in all my married life, and that the opinion of Mrs. Grundy is of so little importance to me, that for years I have not done one act to please her, but am only striving, with all my powers, to fit myself for some use in the world, believing that no stone that is ready to be used in the wall will be left in the way.

If the knowledge of the heavy-laden burden

that has now come upon Mrs. Homer will help any sister, who reads her story, to cease trying to make life a mockery; will aid her to pray that life may be true and earnest; assist her in answering her own prayers, by plucking even the roots of envy from her heart; will help her to act her part in life independently, doing her duty regardless of the opinion of the world, and thus gaining the approval of "our Father," my story will have accomplished its mission.

## ROME AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY FRANCESCO SCHIARELLI.

THE exquisite poet, Virgil, has, in his "Æneid," a passage full of strength and feeling. It describes the Trojans, who, when victims of adverse fortune and beaten about by the sea, discern, for the first time, the land "which the Apennines divide and the Alps and the sea surround," and exclaim, with cries of great joy and eyes bathed in tears, "Italy! Italy!"

Torquato Tasso, inspired by the ancient poet, wrote one of his magnificent octaves to show the crusading army, which, wearied with fatigue and pain, and slowly dragging itself along with uneven step, suddenly takes courage, is strengthened and cheered, and raises to heaven a hymn of joy in the cry of "Jerusalem," uttered by thousands of voices, at the first sight of the Holy City. It is this very feeling, this very impulse, which now causes the name of Rome (the Eternal City) to issue from the lips of the Italians as a cry of triumph, as the effusion of an ineffable joy, as a song of victory. Yes; Rome is the Eternal City! Though reason may smile at the title, yet it seems connected by some fatality with Rome. Rome was founded by Romulus. But was it not, before that, a city of Sicala, of Osca, of Tirrena, Pelasgica, Etrusca, and Sabina? God knows. But it must have had a history; and who knows what glories were displayed there, now forever hidden with those ancient nations in their sepulchers? After the unknown Rome of Saturn, of Evandro, of Pallentes, came the obscurely known Rome of Romulus and the Kings. That great cyclopean cavern, the single relic remaining perfect of that time, which for three thousand years has gathered the waters of the city and discharged them into the Tiber, says to us: "If such was the sewer, what could have been the palace, the temple, the courts?" But do we know the history and the customs of those who inhabited and defended the city? Titus Livy affirms much. Niebuhr doubts often.

Which is right? But the *Cloaca Maxima* speaks truth: Rome was, and was powerful, republican Rome until the Gracchi—was as great, as truly glorious as a human creation can be. Then came the atrocious Rome of the civil slaughters; the corrupt and cruel Rome of the Cæsars and of the Emperors; the servile Rome of the barbarians; the Rome subject to the Popes; and, finally, the Rome of Italy. And Rome, in all these conditions, exercised until now, and exercises still, a fascination over the hearts and imaginations of all the earth. Rome has had, and has still, the strange and wonderful privilege of always representing a principle which is sometimes known to the world, and sometimes not understood, or undiscerned. Rome might be entitled to demand the name of the Eternal City, if not by the judgment of reason, at least from the power of its prestige and of its secular influence.

However, it is not our intention to speak of Rome in all its conditions. We will restrict our discourse to that which Rome was under Christianity, in order to show what, in our opinion, it should do for Christianity, now that it is the capital of Italy.

It is now generally recognized as a fact, that the municipal democracy of Pagan Rome served to prepare the way for Christianity, which is the universal equality of those who believe in Jesus Christ, the Savior and Redeemer of men.

The fasces of the lictors and the invincible eagle of the legions running to the confines of the empire, imposed the great Latin unity in laws and language.

The ancient tables of the Roman law rendered the idea of civilization general; the character of the Latin nation remains to the world as the expression of all knowledge and every science.

But the iron unity of Pagan Rome was broken. Corruption, which slowly penetrated it, like the fatal thread of water in a strong, colossal edifice, began to disunite parties and make them fall to pieces.

The Northern hordes, perceiving that the iron hand grew rigid, and relaxed its hold, rushed down, with virgin impetuosity, to regain their former liberty; and a circle of iron was drawn tight, and bound around the Roman Empire. But the day when this immense wave reached the gates of Rome; the day when Brennus took his seat as arbiter in the Campidoglio; that day when the frightened eagle found a refuge in the tomb of Lucretia; that day in which the fasces were broken to pieces, when the senate and people, consuls and lictors, were only one vanquished family,—a new sign

shone on the Eternal City, no longer the sign of the unity of a single power, but the holy symbol of salvation, the symbol of brotherhood, of equality and liberty, the cross of Jesus Christ. But, alas! how much blood and how many bitter tears were shed to elevate this ensign! Paganism—with all the multiplied absurdities of intelligence subject to no law; with the varied mass of principles and systems, without foundation and utterly impossible—made a terrible and bloody war upon it.

Let us imagine ourselves at Rome, in the reign of Domitian—one of the worst kings whose head was ever encircled by the crown, or who ever wore the purple. The hills of the city already brighten with the colors of the dawn, the sun throws the first rays of gold on that wide field, which gradually turns from the deep color of the emerald to that of the Eastern sapphire. Rome—the Queen of the Seven Hills, the Eternal City, the ancient mother of so many brave hearts—sleeps still. All sleep! Vice alone is awake; and strangers, called by the corrupt times to guard the degenerate metropolis, watch as sentinels. Is that sound hallucination, or reality, which issues from the Coliseum; which stuns the ear and recalls the Ircanian forests and the African deserts? No: it is not a dream; it is not a wild imagination; it is true! They are the sharp howls of wolves, the shrill cries of tigers and panthers, the loud roars of leopards and lions. They are hungry, and howl; they are thirsty, and scream; they demand flesh and blood from the magnanimity of imperial Cæsar.

Let us enter the dark-room of the Tullian prison. Who are these prisoners, on whose faces glow such pure and tranquil faith? Of what crimes have that venerable man, those young girls, those matrons and men of every age and condition, been guilty? The Prefect of Rome has already judged them in the Forum, in the midst of a multitude of people. He has asked them, "Are you Christians?" And they all, from the first to the last, in assenting, have pronounced their own condemnation. Soon these prisoners will rejoice Rome with a spectacle in the Coliseum. The *panem et circensis*, a secret of tyrants to lull the stupid populace, will be given to the people; and women, who have grown strangely cruel, will count with pleasure the struggles of their dying anguish. And yet, within the walls of that dark prison, what are those captives doing who draw so near to death? Prostrate on the ground, their faces raised to heaven, as if blessed with a glorious vision, they pray for their enemies, they pray for those who condemned them—for their judges and their executioners.

In this way, notwithstanding so many tears and so much blood, notwithstanding such fierce and cruel persecutions and the corrupt delights of massacres like these, the Eternal City, the Rome of those primitive years of Christianity, gave a bright example of great individual virtues, and, amid cruel torments and sufferings of every kind, inaugurated a new era of redemption for the human race. The faith of those primitive Christians was known throughout the world, and the irresistible fascination of their constancy in the midst of torments exercised a beneficent influence, even in the most remote parts of the empire. Many were drawn to lay the burden of their sins at the foot of the cross of Christ—that signal-light which shone on the Eternal City.

Within the gloomy darkness and amid the cold atmosphere of the Catacombs, the early Christians prayed, sang hymns of praise to God, and educated themselves in strong virtue, ardent charity, celestial hopes, and secret sacrifices. Here the greatest of the primitive bishops of Rome, who all dipped the white stole of their faith in blood, lived and slept in death. Here those venerated old men, those true-hearted noblemen of Jesus Christ—who, far from assuming the manners of masters, practiced the zeal and diligence of faithful servants—taught the people by words, and also, more effectually, by actions. Here they attended to the worship, after having visited the sick and informed themselves of the wants of the poor.

In this manner they gained universal respect and independence, the true Christian liberty. Without regard to the power or dignity of persons, they made themselves the defenders of the oppressed and the scourgers of vice, were it found in one clothed in rags or splendid in purple and gold.

But, alas! how brief was the time of the great virtues of the primitive bishops of Rome! By the support and protection of the Emperor Constantine, they issued from the modesty, obscurity, and mystery of the Catacombs, and, arrogating to themselves all spiritual and temporal authority, passed to the pomp, the riches and splendor of the Basilicas. Then, substituting an iron scourge for the shepherd's crook, they mounted the throne of the King of kings, and placed on their heads a triple diadem, sacrilegious derision of the humility of the Redeemer's crown of thorns. They sought, by other means, to give back to Rome the command of the world. For the ancient net of iron mail, they substituted the priestly net of superstition, by which to subdue the conscience and reimprison a great part of the world.



During the first three centuries, the Roman bishops received in their hearts the rays of divinity, and their way was that of paradise. But in the centuries which succeeded, their steps led by a direct path to hell. They mixed divine things with human, interest with sacraments, stoles with manacles, the holy water-brush with the butcher's ax. They sprinkled the chrism on blood, continually launching formulas of excommunication, which, although they now only excite a smile, then caused great fear.

For seven centuries the Roman Pontiffs, always showing the keys of St. Peter in their hands (proud and only true symbol of what the Papacy did for Italy), struggled to obtain their great ecclesiastical supremacy. That the keys should have been given to St. Peter to be the porter of paradise and hell, in the way in which the priests understand, is strange. But that, with the keys in hand, the Pope, a sad and malignant keeper, should always have opened the doors of our country to the stranger, is truth—immortal infamy, in which the Popes had for companions Eufemius of Messina and Ludovicus the Moor!

With Gregory VII—the proud, inexorable, cold, and austere Hildebrand—the Popes believed themselves to have acquired complete supremacy. That Pontiff exerted himself strenuously to exempt the city from the power of the emperor, and the priests from subordination to the laity. He sought to render the Pope not only independent of the emperor, but to constitute him king of Italy—king of kings and protector of the universe; so that all nations, all cities, all the oppressed, should behold in him a supreme judge, and appeal to his tribunals. He wished to make of the Pope one who could first judge and depose kings, and then inflict punishment on the people.

If these pretensions could have been carried into effect, it would have converted all Christendom into a sacerdotal empire. Instead of seeing, as at first, the dignitaries of the Church vassals of the emperor, the principal laity would have been vassals of the Pope. This would have been entirely contrary to the spirit and doctrine of the Gospel. It is true that Gregory VII saw the Emperor Henry IV kneel in his presence at Canossa, and, with a rope on his neck, implore pardon and absolution; but it is also true that, soon after, Salerno saw the same Pontiff die of grief in exile, uttering words which were the exact expression of the last thoughts of that proud spirit.

If better fortune shone on Innocent III, who united to the soul of the determined Hildebrand

a more elevated and subtle genius; if by him, more than by any other, was shown how the Popes would arm themselves with liberty against the tyranny of the kings, and with the tyranny of the kings against the liberty of the people, and then trample both under foot; if under him the Pontifical Chair had increased with unexpected power,—yet the proud hopes of the Popes soon fell, broken by the slap which the Sciarra Colonna stamped on the face of Boniface VIII, at Anagni. From that day, says history, the Popes now fell and then rose again; but, different from Antæus, at every fall they lost strength, and showed nothing but a miserable spectacle of corruption and sadness to Rome and to Christianity. If Alexander VI were the only Pope who was faithless—a thief, a poisoner, and assassin—I would draw a veil over his character as over that of Marino Faliero. But he is miserably accompanied by a greater number of associates than is believed.

History is sometimes said to be the manifestation of God; but when I look at the history of the Popes, I ask myself if God can have manifested himself by means of such unworthy creatures as were the greater part of the Roman Pontiffs. Not to mention all, who was more miserly than John XXII? Who more drunken and blasphemous than Julius II? Who more idle and scandalous than Julius III? Urban VI, angry that seven cardinals should have opposed his election, brought them to Genoa, where, not many years after, their skeletons were found in the dungeons of the Abbey of St. John, where he lived.

Now, all these Popes, wicked or scandalous or imbecile—what did they make of Rome and of Christianity? The Eternal City, the Rome of Regulus, of the Gracchi, of the Scipios, of the Christian heroes, became by them the seat of despotism and superstition. The vermin of ignorance and cowardice swarmed on the tombs of the heroes; the raven lodged in the nest of the eagle. Stupid processions of friars and nuns went along the streets still furrowed by the triumphal chariots. The Coliseum, bathed with the blood of thousands of Christians, was half destroyed to build with its stones the palaces of the nephews of the Popes. The Pantheon was deprived of its plates of bronze; the Forum was ruined, the Campidoglio contaminated, and the Tiber carried to the sea a perennial flood of corruption, often reddened by the blood of the martyrs of liberty and of the true religion of Jesus Christ. O, holy and immaculate religion of Christ Jesus! O, pure Christianity of primitive times! what dishonor did not the Popes of Rome do thee! Who can



tell the scandalous traffic of the Pontiffs of Rome? It was this which drew from Lamennais words which can not be read without trembling: "I went to Rome, and saw there the most infamous sewer that ever contaminated human view. The gigantic sewer of Tarquin would be too small for so much filth. There is no other god but self. They would sell the people, would sell the three persons of the Holy Trinity, for a corner of earth or for a few dollars. So much have I seen, and have said to myself, as I turned my eyes away, 'The evil is above the power of man.'"

If, then, Rome and Christianity have suffered so much harm from the corruption of the Popes, what ought this Eternal City to do in favor of Christianity, now that, liberated from the sacerdotal yoke and from the bayonets of strangers, it has become the capital of Italy, free and independent? Rome, to my mind, now has the great duty of carrying Christianity back to its original principles. And to do this, none should have part in the work who propose conciliation with the Papacy, spoiled of its temporal power. He who believes that, after having destroyed the temporal power of the Popes, it can be left intact and surrounded by guaranties of its spiritual power, does not understand it. For, with the spiritual, the Papacy will, in time, regain the temporal power.

It did it once, and it may do it again, notwithstanding that the times have changed. Who will say that they may not change again? If the spider weaves its net seven times, the Papacy will rebuild seventy times seven. And even if such peril were impossible, is or is not the Papacy averse to liberty—to all that makes man a good citizen and a good father of a family? If so—and all history demonstrates it—would it be well to give him liberty so that he may destroy liberty? There are laws which forbid the sale of poison, and shall we consent that the Popes should poison the minds of our women and children? O, Rome! O, Eternal City! the Papacy is still within thy walls! Remember Arnaldo da Brescia! The Papacy hoped to destroy the remembrance of this great man by throwing the ashes of his burned body in the Tiber; but it deceived itself. Those ashes spread seed, of which the harvest is garnered still, and will never finish. O, Rome! gather in this harvest, and thy hand, filled with truth and liberty, shake it in the face of the Papacy! As thou now seest, fluttering on the Quirinal and the Campidoglio, the ensign of three colors, so thou mayest plant on the cupola of St. Peter's the emblem of Christianity, the cross of Christ, purified from priestly iniquities.

Yes, Rome, thou art the Eternal City! Thou canst do it. "Rome is like the sun. It sets only to rise again more splendidly in the beauty of another day."

### BREVITY OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

*Behold*

How short a span

Was long enough, of old,

To measure out the life of man!

In those well-tempered days, his time was then  
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years  
and ten.

*Alas!*

And what is that?

They come, and slide, and pass,

Before my pen can tell thee what.

The posts of time are swift, which having run,  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is  
done.

*Our days*

Begun, we lend

To sleep, to antic plays

And toys, until the first stage end:—

Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give  
To unrecovered loss—we rather breathe than live.

*We spend*

A ten-years' breath,

Before we apprehend

What 't is to live, or fear a death:

Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove  
but toys.

*How vain,*

How wretched, is

Poor man, that doth remain

A slave to such a state as this!

His days are short, at longest; few, at most;  
They are but bad, at best; yet lavished out, or lost.

*They be*

The secret springs

That make our minutes flee

On wheels more swift than eagles' wings:

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a  
death.

*How soon*

Our new-born light

Attains to full-aged noon!

And this, how soon to gray-haired night!

We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast.  
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

*They end*

When scarce begun;

And ere we apprehend

That we begin to live, our life is done.

Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Our Foreign Department.

ALL Germany is waking up to the necessity of a great reform in female education; and even the much vaunted Higher Schools for young ladies, which are quite a specialty for Berlin, where every thing in the line of educational facilities ought to be of the very best order, are being just now quite severely criticised, as below the demands of the times. A work on the higher education of women has just been issued by a Leipsic firm, in which the whole matter is subjected to quite a sifting, and a reform in female education is declared to be an absolute necessity. Young ladies' schools need to follow other and higher aims than merely to fit the rising generation of girls for the accomplishments of so-called polite society; and to this, other means than those now in use must be employed; for the matter can not be neglected much longer without danger of the total corruption of society. These are about the sentiments expressed in the work.

The great trouble with the education of German ladies hitherto has been its one-sidedness—it's want of harmony. They are extremely prepossessing in social intercourse, and have not their superiors in those accomplishments which contribute to the charms of society in refined circles. It is no uncommon thing in intelligent, social spheres, to meet a group of them who will converse quite readily in French and English, and take a solid pleasure in addressing a foreigner in his own language, thinking to compliment him by so doing; but their conversation is mainly confined to the matters of society, properly so-called among them, to the musical and operatic affairs of the hour, to the events in the world of *belles-lettres*, or in diplomatic and court circles, with, of course, a dash of art and current political events, so far as they intrude into such circles. But while running with them a graceful and pretty race over this course, you are inclined to feel that it is rather a light contest, and you wonder if they never, on more retired occasions, deal in weightier subjects. And they ordinarily do not introduce them, and they will be considered out of place, and your charming chatty circle will melt away from you, and you will be voted a —. These are not matters that should trouble the graceful, airy brains of the sex, and the *salon de société* is not the arena for their discussion. We remember to have spent, some years ago, a delightful evening in the cheerful and hospitable apartments of the Baron

von Raumer, the famous historian of the University of Berlin. The company was a veritable rendezvous of the learning, art, and general intelligence of the famous capital. The baron's daughter was the inspiring element of the brilliant social entertainment, and there was scarcely a foreign guest in the company whom she did not chat with in his vernacular. She skipped from French to English, and thence to Italian, with the grace and agility of a roe, and was a perfect queen in the pleasing art of making every one feel at home in her father's house. But the time and care that had been devoted to such extraordinary acquisitions had left her no time for any thing else, and she seemed, indeed, to feel that she needed these accomplishments alone to fill her sphere in the world; and it is against this too common illusion that modern German writers are now contending. They demand for women a thorough scientific culture in connection with these desirable accomplishments, and protest against an exclusive devotion to outward polish and only one phase of life. And they contend that such a development will be more in harmony with the natural talents of women, and better calculated to train their intellectual capacities to their highest perfection. The time has come when woman needs to ask what she can do in order to take her place as a useful and not merely ornamental member of society; and if her culture has been harmonious, she will have little difficulty in finding a sphere where she may be at home in exercising the purely humane qualities of her nature, without in any measure stepping beyond the bounds justly allotted to her feminine nature. She would, on the contrary, develop genuine femininity in genuine humanity. We believe these sentiments to be the growing feeling in the refined circles of German society, where, a few years ago, the idea of giving to women more than an accomplished education would have been derided. And the author of a new education of women will surely find an audience ready to listen to his appeal.

WE have just been examining with much interest a picture by Kaulbach, entitled, "In the Church." A young woman, heavily veiled, is at her devotions at the altar, kneeling reverently, and, with clasped hands, repeating the prayer of the breviary. She seems totally unconscious of the fact that she is being

closely scrutinized by a clerical attendant of the altar, who suspends for a time his duties to gaze on the praying girl. It is a most fitting scene to give rise to a train of thought regarding the celibacy of the clergy, and the cruelty of thus separating what God intended to be joined together. These celibate vows of monks and nuns were unknown to the early Church. They were introduced after great struggles in the course of the fourth century by the Romish bishops, although the Council of Nice decidedly rejected them. But, until the eighth century, many priests, and even bishops, in France, Germany, and Upper Italy, lived in regular marriage bonds. Gradually, however, the opinion gained strength that only unmarried priests could worthily and effectually impart the sacraments; and with the increasing power of the Papacy in the eleventh century, the principle of the celibacy was pretty well established. But it was not until the advent of Pope Gregory VII that the law was firmly established; and this was done only with fearful struggles. All married priests were then deposed from their divine office in spite of their resistance and the maltreatment of the bishops and Papal legates who appeared to put the requisition into effect. In the twelfth century the marriage of the clergy had every-where disappeared from the Church of the Western Empire. At a later period it cost Luther no trifling contest to rise against the cloisters and the law of celibacy. But he became convinced that the Scriptures nowhere commanded it, and then he raised his mighty voice against it in tones that were to be silenced by no hostility. He thus became the reformer of domestic life; and his own happy home with his Katarina has since become the model of thousands of happy parsonages. It was long before he thought it best to marry himself; but at last he was induced to do so by his many friends in less lofty and delicate positions, whom he had counseled to take to themselves helpmeets. In our time, Father Hyacinthe has followed his example, and is now living with his wife in a charming home in the outskirts of the model little city of Geneva, in Switzerland. And the great struggle now throughout Germany and Switzerland, on the part of the Catholics reformers, is, to abolish the law of celibacy in the Church. The Romish Church, as now constituted, can not and will not yield this principle; for it would clearly introduce the ruin of its present organization. Its supporters and servants must be bound to it by stronger ties than love of family and of nation, and by ties that can not exist in unison with these; and therefore it insists on the vows to ignore them. But what a sad state of things it compels in the life of the clergy, when they remain true to their vows!—to pass over the nameless corruption which in thousands of instances it brings with it when they are broken. What a somber melancholy reigns in the solitude of a parsonage free from domestic cares, without the cheering presence of a wife and mother to share with her children in social pleasures, and to lighten human cares! And then see the solitary figures of priests or nuns, as they move silently about their churches or in the public thoroughfares. One

feels a chilling influence in their very presence, and sees in their sad countenances the traces of the violent contests which have agitated their souls while arriving at this condition of self-negation. Well may we be thankful to the great man who, in word and deed, contributed so much toward banishing from the Church this terrible abuse, and introducing a purer relation between man and woman than too often exists within the limits of the most retired clerical retreats without it. His merits in this respect have again made his name a watchword in the contest now being waged against the evils of Catholicism in some of the principal countries of the Old World.

THE German naturalists are just now waging a fearful war against those busy little sparrows recently naturalized in this country, and even in Australia. They have been brought hither to consume the caterpillars and other uncanny insects; but the German alarmists would make us believe that they will cease by making a meal of us if they are allowed to increase unmolested. A Mr. Homeyer has been viciously watching two hundred sparrows for the last year, and he tells terrible stories about them. In the early Spring they settle in the fruit-trees, and devour the choicest buds of the future fruit. He has killed sparrows in this season, and found nothing but buds in their crops. It is an error on virtue's side to suppose that the sparrows break off the buds that lie below the trees, in their effort to catch destructive insects. On the contrary, they take a few caterpillars as a solid roast, and then pluck the finest buds as dessert, dropping the poorer and tougher ones to the ground. Their young are fed for a short period with insects; but the moment the milk appears in the tender grain, then the whole family of these little thieves, young and old, repair to the fields to commence their depredations. And again these wicked sparrows visited the cherry-trees, not to attack two great nests of caterpillars, not a bit of it; but to eat the cherries, and then fly from there to the peas, without paying the slightest attention to the army of cabbage-worms which lay in their path. And again, these brazen sparrows destroy all the nests of other birds in the vicinity of their resorts, and thus drive them all away. For this reason Mr. Homeyer does not like the sparrows; and he says, moreover, that Frederick the Great did not fancy them; for he offered premiums for sparrow-heads when taken in his gardens. He believes they ought to be destroyed; but fears that, with their prolific nature, it is almost impossible. We are sorry that these little chirpers bring so bad a record with them; for we had hoped for much from them as destroyers of noxious insects in gardens and city parks.

THE famous Dusseldorf artists are a genial, merry set, who make their artistic skill subservient to the development of the kindlier part of human nature. When they began their career as a school of art, some twenty-five years ago, they founded a social club for mutual acquaintance and intercourse, and

called it the "Paint-box," because of the many shades and colors among them that were represented in its circle. And among the original group were the names of Leutze, Hubner, Hasenclever, Jordan, Hildebrand, and others, who have since become famous in this rare school of art. From small beginnings the "Paint-box" grew to be an important institution, exerting a great influence in the world of art; and soon these sons of the muses built a stately club-house, which yet bore the early name. Very recently, these genial and true companions celebrated the silver wedding of the original nuptials, and a grand good time they had. Their friends came in troops from many lands, and bore to the high court of art names famous in the world of letters and poesy. Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden sent deputations. Princely visitors and military heroes were present, decorated with dazzling orders, to say nothing of a rich array of men of science and letters. They all met in the beautiful gardens of the "Paint-box," and formed a motley group of various interests, doing willing homage to the genius whose cunning pencil had done so much to elevate art.

The filthiest places in the Vienna Exposition were the Oriental coffee-houses, or refreshment kiosks, kept by Turks and other Orientals. The people were amused or vexed at this incredible love for dirt

and attachment to unclean habits, according as they took the thing seriously or jestingly. The waiters who dispensed Eastern hospitality for gold-pieces, were clothed in smutty garments, their hair was frowsy and suspiciously innocent of combs, and the generously naked portions of their bodies were evidently in antagonism with soap. One could enjoy with his own eyes the pleasant scene of a Turkish waiter with slipshod shoes, and stockings full of holes, pouring out liquors from a bottle over his own thumb held partly before the nozzle; and the Turkish pipe was never handed to an inquisitive guest until the waiter had put it into his own mouth for a few puffs, to show the working of the delectable instrument. Such enjoyment is purely a matter of taste; but the visitor, desirous of playing the Turk for a brief period, found it necessary not to be too squeamish about it. These Orientals are verily dirty fellows. The Shah of Persia threw bones about the floor of a beautiful palace in Vienna, spit on the valuable rugs, exhibited a sovereign contempt for pocket-handkerchiefs and napkins, and did, we judge from the hints in the papers, many other things unmentionable to ears polite, which made him verily a pig in a drawing-room. And if we have this from the green bay-tree of majesty, what are we to expect from the dry wood of his bondsmen and humble servants?

## Art Notes.

—ABOUT one hundred and ten choral societies took part in an international musical festival recently held at Chambéry.

—At a recent competition of orpheonists, of harmonic, and of Fanfare institutions at Havre, there were present one hundred and thirteen societies.

—Adelina Patti is in Paris; Madame Piccolomini recently sung in a charity concert at Sienna; Nilsson is in New York.

—Georges Hellmesberger, the celebrated Austrian violinist, has recently deceased, at the age of seventy-three.

—On the 21st of September, the choral societies, orpheonists, and musical bands celebrated the complete withdrawal of the German troops from French soil. Four thousand performers took part. Similar celebrations were had throughout the French Provinces.

—Art is connected with the inmost essence of a people. The searching glance of the investigator pierces deeply into the nature of a nation, when he would describe its political or its scientific tendencies, but only from its art—its poetry and its formative arts—can we become acquainted with the very soul of a people, with its finest and most character-

istic features. In political life, the movements and workings of eminent individual actors come out too prominently into the foreground; also the scientific development is too often determined by the force of single leaders, and even by an intellectual exclusiveness. Moreover, the latter is, to a certain degree, isolated, and sundered from the interior life of a people. In art alone does the necessary harmony of a work bring out to light those most delicate, controlling forces, so inexpressible by mere words. In it alone is expressed that element of nature, not as a limitation and cramping of the soul, but rather in its vital peculiarities. However noted may be the personality of a pre-eminent art genius, little will he conceal from us the interior life of his age; since he is the greatest artist who, so far as his art may permit, immerses himself into the spirit of his age and of his people; and nature's true artists connect with the highest zeal and the sharpest individuality the completest power of discerning the characteristic tendencies of their times.—*Schaefer*.

—The grave of the great German composer, Schumann, in the cemetery at Bonn, is marked by a very simple stone. Thinking this unbecoming the resting-place of so eminent an artist, some of the chief musicians, artists, and literary men, have held a



festival at Bonn to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument. Among the vocalists, we notice the names of Marie Sartorius, Amalie Joachim, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Franz Diener, Julius Stockhausen, and Adolphe Schulze; among the players, Madame Schumann, Messrs. Joachim, Strauss, Müller, etc. The playing of Madame Schumann caused wonderful enthusiasm, and she was saluted with flourishes of trumpets and drums. The orchestra numbered one hundred and eleven players, the chorus of voices three hundred and ninety-four.

—The span of the great rotunda of the Vienna Exposition building is more than double that of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

—We notice that the designs of Mr. Marshall Wood, the noted English sculptor, for ornamenting the grounds of the Parliament Building, Ottawa, Canada, have been adopted by the Government. Mr. Wood has returned to England to execute the statuary that is a part of the design. The main fountain of the ground is to be sixty feet in height, ornamented by eight colossal emblematic statues.

—Has Impudence become a fine art? It has, since Mohammed's day especially, been sufficiently practiced; although it may not be so clear that the Beautiful has been the ultimate goal. The *Globe* has hit the nail on the head. "Nothing short of the quality in excess will ever pay. Triple brass is the only wear. Impudence is like that drug which, taken in small doses, is stupefying poison—taken in large, a lively stimulant. . . . If people could only realize what true impudence should be—that it is always a means to an end, that it can be attractive only where it is indispensable—mere swaggering would fall into its proper place as a leavening ingredient, and not set up for being a primary element; superfluous lying would yield its place to flexible statement or graceful equivocation, and aimless egotism be exchanged for effective innuendo."

—A magnificent art-work has been issued by Bell & Daldy, London. It is the works of Correggio at Parma, reproduced in photography by Stephen Thompson, from the celebrated engravings by Paolo Toschi. This is accompanied with biographical and critical notices by L. Fagan, Esq., of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. This collection consists of twenty-two photographs, including nearly the whole of Correggio's work at Parma. It must add immensely to the value of this collection to know that Toschi was inimitable as an engraver, and that he executed these works before the decay began that is manifesting itself in the original frescoes.

—The *Portfolio*, in discussing "The Greek Face before Pheidias," and the causes at work to modify the Greek facial expression, concludes: "Was there any special cause tending to increase the plasticity of the organism that continued to work with increasing intensity up to the Pheidian period? There certainly were two—one was the accelerating intellectual

movement; the other, perhaps even a more decisive one, was the universal gymnastic training. Theognis, who flourished 540 B. C., knows nothing of gymnastics as a part of education, though he is full of the opportunities a man has of forming himself at drinking-clubs. Pindar, less than two generations later, is full of athletics, as if they were the business of life. The fact is, the ascendancy of Sparta brought Greece to the festivals held under Spartan protection at Delphi and Olympia, and then set all Greece training for them; and the enthusiasm thus created survived the undivided Spartan ascendancy for more than a generation, with the most fruitful consequences."

—"Jubilee" Gilmore has bid the "Hub" adieu, and is to become leader of a first-class orchestra in New York.

—It seems the French Government intend to present to the city of New York a bronze statue of Lafayette, in remembrance of the kindly feelings of its people during the late Franco-German war. The sculptor is Frederic Bertholdi, an artist of great ability and very extensive learning. It represents Lafayette as a young man of twenty, standing on the prow of a ship as in the act of landing. It was suggested by his own words: "As soon as I knew the Declaration of the American Independence, my heart flew there."

—*Appleton's Journal* mentions a work recently come into the hands of D. Appleton & Co. "It is a remarkable and probably unique copy of Joseph Spence's 'Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men'—a book familiar enough to bibliographers under the simpler title of 'Spence's Anecdotes.' This copy is the result of the personal labors of some skilled collector. It is printed on a small page, with very wide margin, in two volumes, quarto, each page inlaid; and with it are bound no less than one hundred and seventy-five of the rarest and most beautiful old portraits of the personages from whose works and conversation the anecdotes come, and, besides these, plates of residences and localities to which reference is made. The whole is bound in crushed Levant Morocco. Among the portraits—fine and quaint etchings, old and rare line-engravings, and treasures in almost every form of artistic skill—are many of Pope, several of Dr. Johnson, those of Addison, Swift, Cowley, Bolingbroke, Isaac Disraeli, and very many others. The book is such a one as is very rarely put on sale; its fellows are only found in places of honor on the shelves of collectors, only to be delighted in by those carefully initiated into the mysteries of bibliomania."

—An interesting communication has been recently made to the "Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres," Paris, on two amphoræ recently dug up at Corneto, Tuscany. They are of that class accustomed to be given as prizes in the Panathenaic games. The chief interest of these is their date, clearly brought out in inscription, 336 B. C., the very year of the death of Philip II of Macedon. Thus is the style of art of this period, just prior to

the Grecian decadence, here clearly preserved and illustrated. It is noteworthy that those vases that belong to the next succeeding archonate reveal clearly the beginning of this decline.

— Winterhalter, the great painter, is said to have left a fortune of four million francs. Art pays!

— We notice that Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Woman's College of North-western University, is the lecturer and instructor in Art-history and Aesthetics in that University. Miss Willard has had rare opportunities of preparation for this interesting work, and has, moreover, just that kind and measure of enthusiasm that must make this department a success.

— On the evening of September 5th occurred the formal inauguration of the "College of Fine Arts" of Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York. The addresses by several distinguished speakers from abroad and at home were replete with interest, and manifested an intense desire for the success of the College then inaugurated. These, together with the Inaugural of Professor Comfort, Dean of the College, will soon be issued. The prospects of the College are very flattering.

— Mr. Theodore Thomas advertises the public that this is the last season that he will bring before audiences of our cities his orchestral concerts. It is now intimated that his Orchestra is to form part of a vast plan to be executed in New York. It is proposed to build an opera-house of immense size, exquisite architecture, and most thorough appointments; where shall be supported a troupe of artists that shall render results in all departments equal to those of his famous orchestra. It is even affirmed

that the needed capital has been pledged by capitalists, and that the plan is only awaiting full maturity in order to be carried out in all its details. Mr. Thomas has done a noble work in elevating the standard of musical taste in the various towns where he has given his unrivaled concerts, and has shown a marvelous patience and perseverance in effecting this result. Fifteen years of hard toil have been devoted to this educating attempt, and we shall certainly rejoice to see the full realization of his hopes in this new and bolder field of musical endeavor.

— In "Old Rome and New Italy," Emilio Castelar thus speaks of the figures in the Sistine Chapel: "What is most admirable about those colossal figures—and this we can never weary of admiring—is, that not only are they decorations of a hall, the ornaments of a chapel, but men—men who have suffered our sorrows and experienced our disappointments; whom the thorns of the earth have pierced; whose foreheads are furrowed by the wrinkles of doubt, and whose hearts are transfixed by the chill of disenchantment; men who have seen battles and beheld the slaughter of their fellows; who have looked on tragedies where generations are consumed, and who see falling on their brows the damp of death, while seeking to prepare by their efforts a new society; whose eyes are worn and almost blind from looking continually at the movable and changing glass of time, and at humanity exhausted by the slow fire of ideas; men whose powerful and concentrated nerves support the weight of their great souls, and upon the souls the still greater burden of aspirations which admit not of realization; of impossible dreams and painful struggles without victory; with no satisfaction on the earth, but with boundless desires for the infinite."

## Current History.

SUMMARY OF SPANISH HISTORY FOR SEPTEMBER.—5th, The ministry resigned and Valencia declared in a state of siege.—7th, The Cortes continued in session all night, and, after a prolonged session, elected Senor Castelar President. The refusal to join the ranks of the Republican volunteers has entailed upon all professors of law, and nearly all those of literature and philosophy, at the University of Vittoria, a dismissal from their chairs.—8th, The new ministry was announced as follows: Senor Carvajal, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Berges, of Justice; Pedregal, of Finance; Cervera, of Public Works; Lieutenant-General Sanchez Bregna, of War; Oveiro, of Marine; Maisouaved, of the Interior; Solor, of Colonies.—9th, General Martinez Campas relinquished command of the Republican land forces besieging Cartagena, and was placed in command of the troops in Valencia. General Salcedo succeeded General Campas at Cartagena.—

10th, Salmeron was elected President of the Cortes by a unanimous vote. The Cortes voted urgency upon bills granting the Government extraordinary powers, calling out the reserves, imposing a fine upon all deputies who may be absent from the sessions, and authorizing a contract for a loan of one hundred million pesetas.—11th, Cannon and other munitions of war for the Carlists were landed at Lequito, coast of Biscay.—12th, The Carlists captured Vaecarlos.—14th, The Carlists were defeated by the Army of the North, under General Sanlafo Tomá. General Morines was appointed Generalissimo of the armies of Spain.—17th, The bombardment of Cartagena was recommenced. There was a serious riot at Ecija, provoked by insurgents, and many persons were killed and injured. The municipal election in Malaga was attended with disorder and bloodshed. There was fighting at several of the polling places, and the rioting continued late at night.—18th, The

Intransigentes in Seville attacked a party of Republican recruits. The latter resisted, and several were killed. The insurgent men-of-war from Cartagena effected a landing at Aguilas, and pillaged the town and suburbs.—19th, The session of the Cortes was suspended until the 2d of January.—20th, The Carlists opened fire on Berga. The Republican troops under General Pavia have entered Malaga. They met with no opposition. The Carlists raised the blockade of Olot, in Gerona. A force of Carlists made an attack upon Tolosa, the capital of Guipuzcoa, but they met with a gallant resistance from the Republican garrison, and were finally defeated, with great slaughter.—22d, General Garibaldi, in a letter to Senor Castelar, tendered his sword in service of the Republic. The President replied, thanking the General for his noble offer, but declaring that Spain now needs no assistance. A proclamation suspending the constitutional guarantees established a vigorous censorship over the press, and prohibited the carrying of arms by civilians. The Governor of Alicante refused the summons of Cabrerias, who commands the insurgent man-of-war *Numancia*, to surrender the city and acknowledge the independence of Cartagena. British Admiral Yelverton made a demand that the attack be postponed, which was successful.—23d, The Bank of France agreed to advance one hundred million francs to the Spanish Government. General Nouvilas was appointed President of the Supreme Council of War; General Pavia, Captain-General of Madrid; and General Jouvellar, Captain-General of Cuba, *vice* General Pieltain, who was recalled.—27th, Alicante was attacked by the rebel iron-clads. The bombardment was opened at five o'clock in the morning, and five hundred projectiles, some of which were filled with petroleum, were thrown into the city. Great damage was done, and several edifices are in ruins. A vigorous fire was returned from the forts and batteries on shore, with effect; for at the end of seven hours the rebel iron-clads slipped cables, and withdrew.—29th, The famous Chief Salalle was deprived of his command, and Generals Tristay and Mirch resigned.

—A conference of European and American Jurisconsults, recently held in the city of Ghent, organized as a permanent institute of international law. Three subjects were discussed, namely: International Arbitration, the Three Rules of the Washington Treaty, and the codification and adoption by treaty of regulations relative to private property in time of war. The conference appointed a committee to draw up and issue a manifesto, and adjourned to meet in Geneva next year.

—September 11th, dispatches were received to the effect that the *Tigress* had found the Winter-quarters of Buddington and his party; but learned that they had sailed south in June. The *Polaris* had gone down but a short time before their arrival. September 19th, however, the whaling steamer *Arctic*, for Dundee, passed Peterhead with the crew of the *Polaris*, who had been transferred from the whaler *Raven Scraig*, which rescued them from the

boats on the 20th of July, twenty miles south of Cape York. On the 22d inst., the party sailed for America.

—Peru now possesses a railway across the Andes.

—The transatlantic balloon, in which Professors Wise and Donaldson proposed starting for Europe on the evening of the 12th of September, collapsed two hours before the time set for their departure.

—The ceremony of turning the sod for the first railway in Persia took place recently at Reshd, in the presence of the leading Persian officials and foreign consuls.

—September 23d, the Brazilian cable expedition reached Madeira, and the shore-end of the line, connecting that island with Portugal, was successfully laid.

—There was a violent storm on the Black Sea recently, which proved very destructive to shipping. Seventy vessels were wrecked near the mouth of the Bosphorus, and nearly all on board perished. At one point on the coast two hundred and sixty-five corpses were washed ashore.

—September 6th, a square of buildings in Havana, known as the Plaza Vapor, was reduced to ashes. The fire broke out simultaneously in four corners of the square, and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Loss estimated at over \$8,000,000. It is reported that twenty lives were lost. The scenes around the burning square were exciting and terrible. Parents threw their children from balconies to save them from the flames. Twenty-five thousand people were left homeless.

—September 7th, the French Government received notification from Berlin, that France having fulfilled all her engagements, the occupancy of her territory by German forces was legally ended. The evacuation of French territory by the Germans began at once, and ended at 9 A. M., September 16th.

—The failure of the extensive banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co., of New York, on the 18th of September, carried with it the houses of Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, Thomas Scott's, Henry Clews & Co., and about eighteen smaller establishments. The monetary situation was thereby rendered a dark one, and business suffered much inconvenience for the want of currency in its transactions.

—The \$15,500,000 awarded to this Government at Geneva, was paid into the Treasury by Secretary Fish, September 10th. The bond was skillfully printed with a pen, being a *fac-simile* of a printed form. Upon being duly executed, it was photographed, and then sent to Secretary Fish, who is its present custodian. The certificate of deposit retained by the Secretary of the Treasury will be framed and preserved among the archives of the Government as a memorial of an amicable settlement of differences between the two countries. Secretary Richardson invested the money in five per cent registered bonds, to await further action by Congress.



—A civil war has broken out in Morocco, between the son and brother of the deceased sultan, and the trade of the country is paralyzed.

—Chinese merchants are taking advantage of the recent treaty. China is already sending merchant-vessels to Yokohama under the Chinese flag.

—A movement has been set on foot in England, by Mr. Bass, member of Parliament for Derby, to secure the purchase of the railways by the State.

—John Bright was formally installed as a Cabinet officer, September 30th. Also, the same day, Sir Samuel Baker and lady sailed from Alexandria for England.

—The Secretary of the Navy has received from Mr. Peterman, the celebrated German geographer, a complete chart and report of the *Polaris* expedition. The document, however, is in German, and is now in the hands of a translator. After being translated, the report will be published.

—September 20th, Frederick William, Elector of Hesse Cassel, has formally recognized and consented to the annexation of his territory to Prussia, and renounced his right of property in the revenues of the Electorate. In compensation, the Prussian Government has granted him an annuity of two million thalers.

—During the entire month of September the yellow fever has scourged the town of Shreveport, Louisiana, in the most fearful manner. As many as five hundred persons have been reported to be prostrated with the disease at one time, and the number of deaths run pretty well up into the hundreds.

—Baron Boilleau, who was sentenced to imprisonment by a French court, for his connection with the Memphis and El Paso Railroad affair, is confined in the Conciergerie. Before his trial, M. Boilleau had abandoned all his fortune, and that of his wife, in favor of the stockholders of the Memphis and El Paso Railroad. Madame Boilleau is at Boulogne. She and her six children live through the generosity of their friends. The cells, or rather the dungeons, of the Conciergerie, are scarcely six feet long, and badly ventilated.

—A few years ago, at the Eglinton tournament in England, it appeared that the famous knights of three or four centuries ago must have been smaller even than the Englishmen of to-day, for it was impossible to put on their armor. And now come vital statistics to prove that we are more hardy and longer lived than our fathers. The statistics kept at Geneva, since 1560, show that the average term of life has been steadily lengthening. At that time the average was only twenty-two years; it is now forty. In the fourteenth century the average mortality in Paris was one in sixteen; the rate has been reduced in our day to one in thirty-two. In England, less than two centuries ago, the mortality was one in thirty-three; now one in forty-two.

—The great Evangelical Alliance opened its session in New York, October 2d, with many of the

greatest and most noted evangelical ministers from all parts of the world present as delegates.

—The cable which was laid between Kingston and Aspinwall, and twice lost, has again been recovered.

—The periodicals of the United States, according to the latest estimate of *Rowell's Newspaper Reporter*, number 5,871, and those of all the rest of the world only 7,742.

—M. Larene, a French Protestant clergyman in the Department of the Correze, has been fined a hundred francs for having said that the Catholic clergy are favorable to the restoration of Henry V.

—At noon of September 15th the steamer *Iron-sides*, of the Engleware line, connecting with the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, sank seven miles off the port of Grand Haven, Michigan. Eighteen lives were lost by the disaster.

—The Roxburg Club has arranged to issue a volume of colored photo-lithographs, possibly accompanied by autotypes of the earliest and choicest illuminations in MSS. in the Bodleian Library, beginning with those of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels.

—A forthcoming volume, by Chevalier Ernst Bunsen, on the "Chronology of the Bible," is to be issued simultaneously, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but in four of the leading languages of Europe—English, French, German, and Italian.

—Galveston (Texas) *News*: "We learn from Captain Glenn, the State Geologist, that the discovery has been reported to his office of a cave near the first station from Devil's River, the interior of which contains very remarkable painting and sculpture, apparently of Aztec origin. An exploration will be made whenever an opportunity can be found.

—The Cologne *Gazette* states that since the 27th of October, 1871, the day of the promulgation of the ukase abolishing serfdom in Russia, up to the 1st of August last, no less than 6,992,494 serfs and their families (not included in the above figures) have been converted into free land-owners, leaving out of account those serfs who were liberated by private arrangement with their masters.

—Some of the works of Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress, were opened to public exhibition in San Francisco, September 1st, at the rooms of the Art Association. There are a couple of sleeping children; a companion couple, awake; a Cupid, caught in a trap baited with a rose; a bust of Lincoln, of life-size; and Hiawatha and his bride, full-length figures, about two feet high,—all in marble.

—The churches in Mexico are numerous and magnificent. In many small villages, containing a few miserable huts, the whole wealth of the neighborhood has been transferred to the priests, and been expended on one great, useless building, while the inhabitants are sunk in superstition and ignorance. In Celaya there are twelve enormous churches to thirty thousand inhabitants, and in other towns the proportion is as large, or larger.



## Note, Query, Anecdote, and Incident.

THE JASMINE.—We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe; and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eye of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and, to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *povera figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following Spring it grew, and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb which says a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

ANTIQUITY OF LOAFERS.—It may be consoling to some busy people, who groan over the losses of time occasioned by the visits of idlers, to know that similar feelings have been experienced ages ago, as is revealed by a curious inscription discovered among the ruins of Pompeii. The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzerol, and Capua are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian Government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "*Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, morator.*" This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafer, depart." This inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting, from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy, as it is now in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.

WHERE WAS TARSHISH?—Sir Emerson Tennent, in his late work on Ceylon—a work, by the way, of great value and interest, both to the scholar and to the general reader—adduces strong grounds for the belief that Tarshish was in Ceylon, and probably at or near Point de Galle. Malacca, it is well known, was the Golden Cheronese of the late Greek geographers, and in the Malay language Ophir is the generic term for gold-mine. We read in Chronicles that "King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Elath"—on the shore of the Red Sea—and that his ships traded with Tarshish and Ophir. "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks."

In a Persian poem of the tenth century, which describes an expedition from Jerusalem to Ceylon, the outward voyage is stated as occupying a year and a half—a coincidence which the regular occurrences of the monsoons, and their effect on the unscientific navigation of the East, renders important. Gold and silver have been for ages, and still are, produced in liberal quantities from the mines of Malacca; and ivory, apes, and peacocks are the most prominent articles of export from Ceylon, and are spoken of many times in the same order as in the Scripture narrative.

"ITS" IN THE BIBLE.—Whitney, in his late work, "Language, and the Study of Language" (pp. 29, 30), says: "When our Bible translation was made, but two centuries and a half ago, the English language contained no such word as *its*. *His* had been in the old Anglo-Saxon and ever since, the common possessive of *he* and *it* (*A. S., hit*); it belonged to the latter no less than to the former.

"And at the present time few of us read our Bibles so curiously as to have discovered that they contain no such word as *its*, from Genesis to Revelation."

This is the common statement on the subject. But we have examined a great many English Bibles—those very old, printed at the University Press in England, those published by the American Bible Society in New York, and those issued by various other publishing houses in the country—and invariably we find in Leviticus xxv, 5, "That which groweth of *its* own accord of thy harvest," etc.; and in no other passage do we find it, in the common English Bibles.

We have also an old edition of what we take to be the German translation into English, of which the title-page, and the first eight chapters of Genesis, are missing, but that of the New Testament is retained; from which we learn that it was translated out of Greek by Theodore Beza, Englished by L. Tomson; imprinted at London by Robert Barker, printer

to the king's most excellent majesty, 1615. In this the above passage reads: "That which groweth of its owne accord of thy harvest," etc.

Now we inquire if *its*, in this one instance, was not inserted in King James's translation of 1611, how did it get into subsequent editions? We have found it, as above stated, in some very old English editions, and we should like to have all the earlier copies in the country examined, and compared in this verse, that we may know how this singular example of the use of *its* in our common Bible originated.

I noticed in Psalms i, 3, the different methods employed to supply the want of this pronoun in the two English translations. In our common Bibles it reads, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth *his* fruit in *his* season; *his* leaf also shall not wither," etc.

In the German: "For he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water, that will bring forth *her* fruits in *due* season; *whose* leaf shall not fade," etc.—E. F. R. in *Historical Magazine*.

"NEITHER"—"EITHER."—The pronunciation of these words, *ni-ther* and *i-ther*, which is not unfrequently heard from divines and other cultivated men, is not sanctioned either by analogy or good use, and is only to be accounted for on the supposition that, by some, doubtful use in England is considered better authority than good use in America. Out of seventeen lexicographers, only two, and they of little account (J. Johnson and Coote), expressly authorize the corrupt pronunciation, and the analogy of the language is utterly opposed to it, there being only one word of similar orthography, "height," whose accepted pronunciation coincides with it.

To show how entirely analogy fails to sustain the corrupt pronunciation, the following paragraph has been framed, in which is introduced all the different connections in which the letters *e i* are met with, except as in the word "height," given above.

Being disposed to walk, I would *feign* have visited my *neighbor*; but on approaching his *seignior* I was alarmed by the *neighing* of his horse, and on lifting my *veil*, was terrified to find the animal within *eighty* yards of me, approaching at a speed that seemed freighted with the direst consequences. I was in a *streight*—caught in a *seine*. My blood stood still in my *veins* as I *conceived* my life in danger. Turning my head, I was pleased to see an Arabian *sheik* near by, and doing him *obeisance* I begged that he would *deign* to come to my rescue. I was not *deceived* in my hopes. By a skillful *feint* he succeeded in *seizing* the *reins* attached to the fiery steed, and, as he was a man of *weight*, he checked him in his impetuous career, and my life was saved. For the favor thus *received* may he ever live in a *ceiled* dwelling!

Every one of the words in the above paragraph, printed in italics, might as well have its *ei* "sounded as *i* in mine" as "neither" or "either." Where the authorities preponderate so greatly against any particular pronunciation there is certainly no reasonable excuse for its adoption.

THE SPASMODIC STYLE AND THE ALLUSIVE STYLE.—A writer who has occasion, for instance, to record that he bought a pair of gloves at a shop in the Strand, now thinks it necessary to deliver himself in some such strain as this: "We are in the Strand. See, a haberdasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right, a counter. In front, a chair. Behind it, a smiling shopman. Mustachioed, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third? A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle; they are on! That will do. Three and tenpence, did you say? Thank you, sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand!" What can be more dreadful than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence of this kind of composition, or rather, decomposition! One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, "Leave thy damnable faces, and begin again!" Tell us what thou hast to say, if any thing thou hast; and if not, hold thy peace.

The chief characteristic of the allusive style is an assumption that, in knowledge and intellect, the reader is exactly on a level with the writer, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for the latter to say plainly what he means—the slightest hint being sufficient to convey his thought to the sympathetic brain of the other; as though the most important function of critical and didactic writing were not to convey information or instruction from one who is qualified to teach to another who desires to learn; but to prove to the reader that, know what he may, the writer knows it too. "We all remember what Pope said on that celebrated question. Now, without waiting to ask the occasion which Burleigh asked of Sir C. Hatton under circumstances somewhat similar (though the reference to the hat—as to which see D'Ewes's diary—certainly made some difference), one can not help wishing that Pope had rather followed the example set by Buonarroti (note the double *r* and single *t*—we have not forgotten the great controversy on this orthographical difficulty, nor the triumphant confutation by Venturi of the heresies of Volpi thereanent), than have fallen into the common error so well exposed by Fracastorius (who does not remember the passage?)" and so on, and so on. Surely, it is not unreasonable to ask why on earth a writer: who assumes that we know exactly what he knows, recollect exactly what he recollects, and understand exactly what he understands, should have thought it necessary to address us at all.—Ed. Review.

THE SIBILANT SOUNDS.—Few people are able in conversation to give the proper sound to the combined consonants *sts*. They can say *twist* easily enough. They drop the *t* between the *ss* and say *twis's*. The following lines are a good exercise to remedy this defect. They should be repeated slowly at first, then more rapidly, as the tongue learns to give the *t* always with perfect distinctness:

"Amid the mists, with stoutest boasts,  
He thrusts his fists against the posts,  
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

## Scientific.

**POTATOES A CAUSE OF PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.**—Since Mr. Lecky suggested that the use of the potato as an article of diet was responsible for the physical degeneracy of the Irish race, several German writers on Ethnology have put forth the prediction that nations, so far from improving, will deteriorate, both physically and mentally, should potatoes become their principal food. Carl Voight maintains that the potato contributes very little toward the restoration of wasted tissues, while Mulder, the Holland physiologist, gives the same judgment, when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes, and coffee and tea among the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations. Leidenfrost maintains that the revolutions of the last three centuries have been due to revolutions in nutrition. The question has also been raised whether the general use of the potato, to the exclusion of other articles of food, is not responsible for a great deal of the growing physical degeneracy of New England.

**PRODUCTS OF COAL-TAR.**—On distilling coal-tar, the first, or light portion, contains benzole, which, by means of nitric-acid, is converted into nitro-benzole, or artificial oil of bitter almonds. When this is acted on by acetic-acid and iron-filings, aniline is the result. By the oxidation of aniline with chloride of tin, arsenic-acid, etc., aniline red, fuchsin, or magenta is obtained, and all possible shades between this, through purple and violet to blue, are made by heating it with more aniline, and stopping when the desired shade is obtained. Besides these shades, green, black, and yellow dyes are made by processes which we must omit for want of space. In the heavier portions of the coal-tar distillates is found a substance called anthracene, from which a long series of splendid colors are prepared; among them artificial alizarine, which rivals that from madder in beauty.

**CURIOUS HABIT OF ANTS.**—An observer of the habits and instinct of ants, relates that a vase on the mantel-shelf in his sitting-room, which was usually filled with fresh violets, was haunted by very small red ants. The insects issued from a hole in the wall above, and gradually increased in number until they formed an almost unbroken procession. He brushed them to the floor for several days, but as they were not killed, the result was that they formed a colony in the wall at the base of the mantel, and, ascending thence to the shelf, the vase was soon attacked from above and below. "One day," says the writer, "I observed a number of ants, perhaps thirty or forty, on the shelf at the foot of the vase. Thinking to kill them, I struck them lightly with the end of my finger, killing some, and disabling the rest. The effect of this was immediate and unexpected. As

soon as the living arrived near where their fellows lay dead and suffering, they turned and fled with all possible haste. In half an hour the wall above the mantel-shelf was cleared.

**GLASS ENGRAVING BY MEANS OF SAND.**—Engraving on glass is now to be performed by a new invention—by the simple force of gravitation, instead of steam or blast power. The sand or emery-powder is put in a hopper, near the ceiling of the room. From the hopper descends a small tube, about eight feet long. This is all the apparatus required for the process. The sand falls down through the tube upon the glass plate to be engraved. The design is cut, with the utmost nicety and beauty, in a few minutes. The portion of the glass surface not to be engraved is protected by paper pasted over it, or by a varnish of some kind. The sand or emery may be used over and over again.

**THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.**—Professor Elias Loomis has recently published the result of his seven years' observations upon the effects of the moon upon atmospheric phenomenon. The paper contains a short account of the labors of other observers, nearly all of whom, while admitting the lunar influence, differ in their conclusions. Schubler, in Germany, after twenty-eight years' observations, ended in 1839, deduced a sensible influence of the moon, the rainy days, at the time when the moon was seven days old, being twenty-five per cent greater than when she was fourteen days old. Mr. Harrison, of England, by comparing the tables of sixteen years' observations at Greenwich, nine years' at Oxford, and sixteen years' at Berlin, obtained results remarkably consistent with each other, and which indicate that the moon exerts an appreciable influence upon terrestrial temperature, the maximum about four days after the full, the difference between the temperatures at the periods named being two and a half degrees Fahrenheit.

Mr. Ballat, on tabulating a series of seventy years, mean daily temperature, according to the moon's age, found that the highest temperature occurred during the seven days after full moon, being precisely opposite to the result of Mr. Harrison.

Schiaparelli, an Italian philosopher, after a careful analysis of thirty-eight years of observations made in Northern Italy, attained results which are also remarkably consistent with each other. They show that about the last quarter of the moon there is a maximum in the number of rainy days, as also in the frequency of storms, and in the degree of cloudiness. Professor Loomis draws the conclusion from his table of seven years' observation, that the moon does not affect the weather, and maintains, in direct opposition to Professor Herschel, that the moon, just before its



full, influenced the weather toward cloudiness rather than clearness, and followed the same law as the sun. The changes, however, are inappreciable to ordinary observers, and no rules can be laid down that will be useful in the transactions of daily life. The theory is only important as inviting investigation by observers with philosophical instruments.

**DISTANCE OF DOUBLE STARS.**—The distance of nearly all the fixed stars being so great that observations of the same star at opposite points of the earth's orbit form no parallax, the astronomer has heretofore been baffled in his attempts to estimate, even approximately, the remoteness of these celestial bodies. Mr. Fox Talbot has proposed to use the spectroscope in the following manner for effecting this object in binary systems: Suppose the plane of the orbit of a binary system to pass through the sun; that is, that the observer is in the plane of the orbit, and that in the spectra of the individual stars there are lines belonging to the same element. The spectra of the two stars, taken through the same slit, should be observed and compared. When the stars appear in the same straight line, it is clear that their velocities relative to the earth are the same, since both are moving perpendicularly to the line of vision; the lines from the two stars will therefore coincide. But when their apparent distance from each other is greatest, the difference of their velocities relative to the observer is equal to the velocity of either star in its orbit about each other. This difference will produce a displacement of the lines, which may be observed and measured. This gives the value of that velocity; but we know also the periodic time. We have, then, at once, the circumference and the diameter of the orbit. We know the greatest angular distance between the stars; we have, then, the distance of the stars from the earth.

**MAGNETISM IN THE EARTH.**—The theory that magnetic currents are induced in the mass of the earth by its rotation is entertained now by some of the most eminent philosophers—the currents, it is assumed, being subject to modification by the earth's movement of translation, and also by the want of perfect symmetry in form. These deviations from symmetry determine the direction of the magnetic streams, which appear, from experiment, to enter the earth on the north side of the magnetic equator, and to issue from it on the south side. According to this, the whole earth is a vast magnet, the streams of which are of constant intensity, excepting so far as they may be disturbed by cosmical influence.

**WHAT ARE CYCLONES?**—The word *cyclone* has frequently, but incorrectly, been used as significant of an enormous or very violent meteor, as if its application was to be confined to the devastating hurricane of the West Indies, or the terrific typhoon of the China seas. It simply means a storm which acts in a circular direction, and whose winds converge, by radials or sinuous spirals, toward a center moving in our hemisphere in the opposite direction to that of the hands of a clock, and in the Southern Hemisphere in a contrary direction. Taking this as

the definition of a cyclone, volumes have been written to prove that this is not the case. But we have only to examine a few series of weather-maps from week to week to see that, wherever you have an area of low barometer, into its central hollow the exterior atmosphere from all sides will pour, and that, in so doing, a rotary spiral or verticose storm is generated. The tornado, the simooms, the dust whirlwind, the fire-storm, even the slow and sluggish storm, which moves on our western plains as the laboring wheel of the steamship buried in a heavy sea, all attest that a body can not move on the earth's surface in a straight line. It is not more true with us that the Gulf-stream turns to the eastward, the Polar-stream turns to the westward, and the equatorial currents to the northward, than that every air-current, in obedience to the same law, should turn to the right of the line along which, from any cause, it is called to move. The meteorist has, therefore, only to ascertain by observation where the barometer is lowest, to know at once the direction of the winds from the circumjacent districts far and near, or, at least, to test the mathematical law by a grand experiment.

**A NOVEL CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.**—The following is Dr. Brown-Sequard's method of treating dyspepsia, which he claims has been successful, in the majority of cases, during the last ten years of his practice: The plan consists in giving but very little of solid or fluid food or any kind of drink at a time, and giving these things at regular intervals of from ten to twelve or thirty minutes. All sorts of food may be taken in that way; but, during the short period when such a trial is made, it is obvious that the fancies of the patient are to be laid aside, and that nourishing food—such as roasted or broiled meat, and especially beef, mutton, eggs, well-baked bread, and milk, with butter and cheese, and a very moderate quantity of vegetables and fruit—ought to constitute the dietary of the patients we try to relieve. This plan should be pursued two or three weeks; after which, the patient should gradually return to the ordinary system of eating three times a day. The most varied diet, as regards the kind of food, can be followed under this plan, as well as when one has only two or three meals a day. The only absolutely essential points are, that the amount of food taken every ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes, be very small (from one to four mouthfuls), and that the quantity of solid food in a day be from thirty-two to forty ounces, or a little less when, instead of water, the patient drinks beef-tea or milk.

**TIMBER TO PROMOTE RAIN-FALLS.**—The Oriental Topographical Corps of New York, during their recent explorations in Palestine, inaugurated the system of forest-tree planting among the people, which promises to result in the setting-out of several hundred thousand trees annually. This may promote a regular and general rain-fall, possibly, in addition to the periodic rains. The land of Palestine was anciently very fertile, and its present barrenness is attributed to deficient culture, the absence of timber, and the scarcity of water.



## Sideboard for the Young.

### THE YOUNG FIR-TREE.

#### A PARABLE.

It was Winter. The snow whirled through the streets and alleys, and fell heavily upon every surface, narrow and broad, till the wind chased it away in order to heap it up still thicker in other places. The window-panes were covered with frost, although the rich people did not spare the wood in stove and fire-place; and whenever a little child wanted to see how it looked outside, then the warm breath had to thaw away the frost-flowers, and the little finger enlarge the place, before its curiosity was satisfied. Yes: it froze so that it cracked, and the people all walked and ran as quickly as if they had been in the very greatest hurry. The men who were shoveling snow in the streets grew dreadfully cold, although they had on great, warm mittens, and they beat their strong arms about their bodies to keep themselves from freezing.

And how cold looked the poor little noses of the children who wanted to get at least a sight of the Christmas market—of the lovely, splendid, party-colored things which they dared not even hope to have for their own! They could not possibly let the cold drive them away, in order, like the children of well-to-do parents, to wait at home, in warm rooms, for the Christmas-gifts, for they might indeed never come. Yes: the poor little noses and hands were blue enough, and the little feet stumbled here and there; but the eyes got a peep at the bright tin toys, at the beautiful puppets, and the little horses which drew real little sleds with soft cushions. How sweet tasted to them, in thought, all the nice tidbits and spiced cakes which were hanging and lying about! Ah, you poor little freezing dears! But the Christ-child was born for you, also.

Here and there, lamps and candles were already lighted in the shops; for the Winter day soon makes room for the evening. Outside, in the woods, it was already quite dark, and the sky looked as if it had been swept, and had become higher and more transparent; and, one by one, the stars came out, bright and clear, and shone upon the snow-covered fields and upon the frozen lake, which looked like lead. The tired trees drooped their slender boughs, and the forest slept. Only a few young fir-trees were still heard whispering together, for they dared not speak aloud lest they might disturb the repose of many a venerable old tree-trunk in their neighborhood; but, if we bend our ear a little nearer, we may easily hear their conversation.

"O, that the morning would dawn!" said a young slender fir, who held her little head quite erect, as if yearning toward heaven; "the blessed morning! Ah! that we only knew that we were worthy to adorn the holiest night of all!"

"Yes: if it only might happen to us all," echoed the other young trees. "O, that the morning would dawn!"

Only one of them, fretful and displeased, shook his head, and said scornfully and angrily:

"I, for my part, do not congratulate myself for such a future. Shall I, just for this, end my young life, that a few naughty children may romp for a little while about my lights, and when all is ended, to be thrown behind the stove, to die at last in its flames? Beautiful life that! and from my heart I do not grudge it to you! But spare me from it; my wishes are of another and better kind. It is bad enough to be born ugly fir-trees, with the hateful, sharp needles with which I am vexed every day. So I will at least be the greatest and most beautiful among all my comrades; and as now my wishes and thoughts are far higher than yours, so, some time, shall my top tower above you, and proudly look down upon you, who want nothing better than the pitiable lot of dying as Christmas-trees."

A shudder ran through the young twigs of the trees at such words; and the slender fir who had first spoken felt, indeed, that an answer was needed to this sinful, daring speech. And it might be because she was the most courageous-hearted among the group; at any rate, she began with trembling lips:

"We do not think as thou dost; we do not wish to have any thing in common with your thoughts and wishes. Blessed shall be each one of us who shall burn to-morrow in honor of the Redeemer, and shall be allowed to beam his love into the hearts of the innocent children. We wish nothing but to live and to die for it. Is it not true, my brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, yes," all voices sounded, far and near; and the murmuring fir-tree shook his branches as if he were shrugging his shoulders at her who had just spoken, and found it beneath his dignity to enter into any further conversation.

But in the east the sky was already tinged with faint streaks of rose and purple; a gentle wind came through the wood, and stirred the branches of the trees, shook down the snow, and awakened the sleepers. Now the forest was all overflowed as with gold, the frosty branches shone and sparkled like jewels in the rising sun; and in the midst of the fresh, green fir-wood stood the Christmas-angel, and consecrated the young trees who should glorify the most sacred birthday-festival which the children of men can celebrate. I saw the young heads bowed, full of humility and joy; but I saw, also, how afterward they looked in amazement and awe toward one of their group who stood among them, only a few hours before, green and flourishing, and was now dry and withered.

It had happened to each according to the goodness of his heart. That which was life to one was to the other death. When, toward noon, the wood-cutters came to fetch the Christmas-trees for the evening, they chopped the withered scoffer into pieces, and kindled a fire, and warmed by it their midday meal. But the others saw around their green, glittering tops many faces of rejoicing children, many loving parents' eyes beaming with feeling, and heard the Christmas hymns sung to the little Christ-child.

I found also again in joy those little red noses and blue hands of the Christmas market; because gentle, kind-hearted people had, here and there, lighted for them a little tree: so that they also might learn to rejoice and have a share in the happiness of the whole world.

#### THE CHRISTMAS-ROSE.

CHILD of the ancient year,  
Thou that upspring'st amid the falling snows,  
Welcome, O welcome here!  
Lone pearl of Winter, stainless Christmas-rose.

No soft gales greet thy birth,  
With sunny breathing borne from vernal skies;  
But on the brown, bare earth,  
From death and desolation thou dost rise.

And thy green, spreading leaves  
Quake to the storm-wind's song, and frost-work bright  
A gleaming tapestry weaves  
Around the clusters of thy blossoms white.

Dearer are they than all  
The Summer's coronal of buds and bloom,  
Upon December's pall  
Shining like star-beams shed through midnight gloom.

Far, far more dear than they  
Whose glories with the fleeting Summer fade;  
Serene, amid decay  
And blight and waste, thou smilest undismayed.

Child of the ancient year,  
Thou that upspring'st amid the falling snows,  
Welcome, O welcome here!  
Lone pearl of Winter, stainless Christmas-rose.

#### A GOOD TIME.

If you want a good time, make it yourself; at any rate, help to make it. Some people always expect a great deal of others in the way of attentions and entertainment, but think little about their own part in the matter. Shall I tell you the secret of "a good time?" Think more about others and what you can do for them than about yourself. Be social, be kind, be gentle, be ready for any little, unobtrusive service, do always as you would wish others to do, and I'll warrant you a good time.

A helpful, unselfish person hardly ever complains of not having a good time anywhere; but one who thinks about herself and the kind of time she expects other people to make for her is generally miserable enough. Have you ever found any thing like it in your own experience? You see a great many disagreeable, unhappy people in traveling; did you never notice, too, that their manners are rude and selfish? But the pleasant-faced lady who makes room for you in her seat, or offers to share her lunch with you, who kindly asks you if you are tired,

or if you find your journey pleasant, and beguiles your loneliness or your fatigue by making cheerful remarks about the weather or the scenery, giving you information about the cities and towns through which you are passing,—do n't you suppose she is having a better time than the sour, selfish man or woman opposite, who never takes the trouble in a journey to smooth the way for another? Try it yourself—the pleasant way I mean—and see how you feel. Try it every-where—make your "good time," and you'll be sure to have it.

#### WORK AND PLAY.

THE butterfly danced in the sun,  
And played with the poppies red,  
Till the long, lovely Summer was done—  
When the butterfly too was dead.

The brown ant, prudent and wise,  
Gathers each hour one grain more;  
And when frost comes, away he hies,  
And is safe with his garnered store.

ALL that God owns he constantly is healing,  
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely;  
He helps the lowliest herb with wounded stalk  
To rise again. See! from the heavens fly down  
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb.  
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy nature  
A ready instinct wakes and moves  
To clothe the naked sparrow in the nest,  
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven.  
Yea, in the slow decaying of a rose,  
God works as well as in the unfolding bud:  
He works with gentleness unspeakable  
In death itself—a thousand times more careful  
Than even the mother by her sick child watching.

—Leopold Scheffer.

#### THE BOY AND THE BRICKS.

A BOY, hearing his father say, "'T was a poor rule that would n't work both ways," said:

"If father applies this rule to his work, I will test it in my play."

So setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, and so on, through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now, I will raise one and see if he will raise his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest." But he looked in vain to see them rise.

"There, father," said the boy, "is a poor rule; 't will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son, said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up. When men fall they love company; but when they rise they love to stand alone, and see others prostrate below them."

MEDIOCRITY can talk; but it is for genius to observe.—*Disraeli.*

## Contemporary Literature.

ONE of the most voluminous, evangelical, and useful religious English writers of the day is the Rev. John Charles Ryle, a graduate of Oxford, and Vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk, since 1861. His *Expository Thoughts on the Gospels*, commenced in 1856, are just now completed by the publication of Volume III of St. John, issued in this country by Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York. The set comprises Matthew, Mark, Luke, in two volumes, and John in three, a valuable addition to the collection of the theological student, and useful for reading in the family. In his Preface, the writer justly cautions the reader against too implicit faith in commentators, and intimates, what some have found to their sorrow, the unsatisfactoriness of even the most famous of expositors. He is not alone in his estimate of Matthew Poole, or in placing him "at the head of English commentators on the whole Bible." He thinks Cyril, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Theophylact "overpraised;" and he leaves the modern German commentators, Tholuck, Olshausen, Stein, and Hengstenberg, with an equal "feeling of disappointment." Commentaries, at best, are a sort of necessary evil, and the young student of the Bible needs to be warned not to trust any of them too implicitly. The Bible is its own best interpreter, and the fullest study should be given to the pure word, "without note or comment." To a good old lady who was a great Bible-reader, and had a large part of the Sacred Oracles at her tongue's end, a friend made a present of a commentary, thinking it would help the good dame to a better understanding of the Word. After a while he asked her opinion of the book. "It is awful tough reading," she replied, "and very muddy; but the Bible explains it amazingly!" For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

SOME writers, like some speakers, go up rocket and come down stick. Contemporaneously with Mrs. Stowe, Miss Susan Warner flashed, meteor-like, across the literary-religious firmament; and, like the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has only treated the world to not over brilliant scintillations since. Her first work, the celebrated "Wide, Wide World," reached half a million of copies, and translations into several languages, within ten years. Her latest story in hand, *The Little Camp on Eagle Hill* (Robert Carter & Brothers, 1874; Robert Clarke, Cincinnati) is a little story for little people, full of lively and instructive reading for boys and girls; and looking very much like the first of a series that might be indefinitely continued to the advantage of printers and the delight of the readers of youth's and Sunday-school libraries.

DR. T. O. SUMMERS, editor of the Nashville *Advocate*, has published, through the Southern Meth-

odist Publishing-house, a *Commentary on the Ritual*—a hundred and fifty pages of explanatory, historic, and useful notes that it would be well for all our bishops, preachers, and people to be acquainted with. Send an order to A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tennessee, and you may receive by mail one of the most instructive books of the season. This book would have been more agreeably usable in Churches and on ritualistic occasions if the type of the text had been from a third to a half larger. Why is it that, at baptisms and ordinations and receptions, a copy of the ritual is not put into the hands of each candidate, that he may read the responses audibly and correctly? At annual conferences we are perpetually pained at the awkwardness with which candidates answer the disciplinary questions, all of which would be removed by putting into their hands the manual of service. Dr. Summers's little work might have extensive sale and circulation North and South.

THE Reverend Maxwell P. Gaddis's *Footprints of an Itinerant* has reached a new edition, and fifteen thousand copies, which implies fifty thousand readers of a style of work very useful and very popular. The Appendix shows the obligation of the Church to the author of the *Footprints* for securing the first group of portraits of the episcopal family, to which so many groups of the same family, some good and some indifferent, have succeeded. The *Footprints* needs a new portrait of its author. Twenty years have grayed his hair, and turned the "affectionately yours," of 1853, into the venerable patriarch of 1873. For an entertaining and very readable book of incident and religious biography, reflection and meditation, send to Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York; or to the author, at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

"No one knows where the shoe pinches so well as he that wears it," says the proverb. The frictions of any position are well understood by the occupants of that position; but to outsiders every thing appears lovely and serene. Many a man, feeling the restraints of doctrine and discipline in his own Church, has changed them for another, where, at a distant view, every thing appeared heavenly and serene, only to find, when he had changed communions, that the new was worse than the old—which appears to have been the experience of the Rev. J. W. Chaffin, a Methodist preacher, who made a brief excursion into the seductive fields of Universalism; and now, after a thorough examination of the whole subject, both doctrinally and experimentally, places the results of his experience and convictions before the public in *The Battle of Calvary; or, Universalism and Cognate Theories against Jesus of Nazareth*. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati). A full tractate

upon old Universalism and new. Useful for circulation as an antidote to this insidious poison.

*Aftermath*, "After-grass," the latest crop of Autumn, is the modest, rather sadly suggestive title of Longfellow's last volume. Can it be that the author of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," after forty years' labor in the literary field and sixty-six in the world, really begins to feel that his thoughts are turning to "rowen," and going to seed? In this Chaucer-like volume of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," we discover no flagging of the beauty and power of America's chief singer. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; Geo. E. Stevens, Cincinnati.

*Lectures on the Truth of the Christian Religion*, delivered before the students of the Michigan University by Rev. B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, goes ably over the usual ground of the "evidences." J. M. Arnold & Co., of Detroit, publishers. Let us suggest to authors and publishers that it is impossible to make a satisfactory examination of a book that is totally without indexes, and with not even running headings of the subjects discussed, at the top of its pages.

*The Mode of Man's Immortality*, or the when, where, and how of the future life, by Rev. T. A. Goodwin, editor of the *Indiana Christian Advocate*, is a vigorously written book which will be regarded by many as a bold onslaught upon one of the most cherished doctrines of the New Testament dispensation: the resurrection of the body in connection with a day of future general judgment. In 1841, Professor George Bush, a son of Dartmouth and Princeton, Presbyterian minister and professor, published "Anastasis," or the resurrection of the body rationally and spiritually considered, and a few years later became an avowed Swedenborgian, and a defender and promoter of mesmerism. Editor Goodwin writes quite as rationalistically of the anastasis as did Professor Bush; and says that "the facts of clairvoyance" "are too many and too well authenticated to be wholly ignored." Bush, Swedenborg, Mesmer, and Goodwin may be right, and the rest of the theological world all wrong—Mr. Alger would doubtless say so—but it can not be denied that the belief of the Church for centuries has been that of a literal resurrection; that theologians and commentators have so read and interpreted the Bible, and that the masses of "orthodox" Christians of all denominations so interpret it to this day. Most Bible-readers are content to receive the doctrine without attempting to explain the when, the where, and the how. The attempt to explain these, plunges the inquirer at once into seas of conjecture and speculative interpretation. Like all rationalistic writers, our author finds no proof of the resurrection in the Old Testament; yet the Jews of Christ's time believed it, and the great crowning miracle of Christianity was Christ's personal resurrection. The theme of his book is, "The Bible nowhere teaches the doctrine of a bodily resurrection;" man is "not a compound being," "composed of soul and body, matter and mind;" "there is every reason, from the Record and

from analogy, to believe that, for ages, man existed in the likeness of God as a spirit, as the angel of God," before his material embodiment. This is prehistoric, pre-adamite man with a vengeance! "The mind is the man;" the apostles "never spoke of the resurrection of the bodies of all men as any part of the scheme of salvation." This writer, like Comte in his "Positive Philosophy," like Edward Beecher in his "Conflict of Ages," or like any other iconoclast and disciple of the destructive school, finds it vastly easier to destroy existing beliefs than to put any thing more rational or Biblical in their place. We understand him when he discards the idea of a future general resurrection at the last day, when he insists on the resurrection of each individual soul of man as it leaves the body at the hour of death; but we fail to comprehend the "spirit-form that rises from the earthly house at the moment of death, so resembling the earthly form as to be readily recognizable by the eye of the spirit, and so often by genuine clairvoyants!" The disciples of "matter and force" would doubtless scout the author's "continued personal existence," but no Christian doubts it. Its mode is the dark problem that as yet receives no satisfactory solution from Bush, Swedenborg, or Goodwin. What a body is, that is neither body nor spirit, but about half-way between, we mortals who are only acquainted with body, and very indifferently with spirit, fail to conceive. Every materialistic interpreter of the doctrine of a physical resurrection has to confess that, to reason, it is full of difficulties. Modern science has done nothing toward dissipating them. Chemistry teaches that the birthplace of the human race, the children of the sun, is the vegetable world; its grave-yard, not the earth, but the ocean of atmospheric air. The life-force, whatever it is, collects and rejects, composes and decomposes, with resistless energy and tireless assiduity, every instant of its connection with matter. The aggregation of material particles which we call the body is a laboratory of perpetual changes, building up and tearing down; a border-land of perpetual replacement of the new and removal of the dead and useless. An average body requires, it is estimated, three thousand pounds, or a ton and a half, of matter to run it for a year. The body is the soul's house; so says St. Paul, so says philosophy, so says our author; and our author, like all others, can not conceive how a soul, a life-force, can live without a house. And the gist of the debate is, What is that house? what matter composes it? much or little? old or new? earthly or ethereal? Who can tell? We do not see that the book before us throws any more light upon the matter than the tomes and folios that have preceded it. The verbosely eloquent Alger prefaces his six hundred pages of discussion with the eloquent confession: "The majestic theme of our immortality allures, yet baffles us. No fleshly implement of logic, or cunning tact of brain, can reach to the solution. The secret lies in a tissueless realm, whereof no nerve can report beforehand. We must wait a little. Soon we shall grope and guess no more, but grasp and know."



## Our Letter-Bag.

SHAVINGS FROM THE CAPITAL.—*The Single Gentleman finds a Home and some Washington characters.*—

It is a very decent sort of a second-floor front into which the single gentleman is ushered. Possibly not within the definition of comfortable, but of the description very "tolerable-like-I-thank-you." The furniture of the modern swell cottage brand is still radiant in the newness of fresh paint; and from its available panels the forget-me-not and morning-glory smile broadly at the more preposterous roses on the wall. There is an erect starchiness in the fringed pillows which resents the desecration of pomatum; while the three consumptive chairs have the solemn appearance of being engaged in perpetual prayer. As an imitation of something to sit down upon, they could scarcely be counted a brilliant success. Yet, viewed as counterfeit, they are probably not inferior to the carved mantel, which is charitably presumed to represent a superfine article of marble. The lace curtains that dangle before three old-fashioned windows have arrived at that age of darns and yellow whiteness indicative of intense respectability; for lace and whisky are those exceptional necessities of life in which a good old age seems to be the chief requisite. It reminds the single gentleman of the "spare room" usually allotted to the country school-teacher as he boards round. Then he draws the aristocratic curtains aside to glance at the surroundings.

"Yes—eh—ah—ahem! an excellent view," observes the mirror-topped gentleman; not in answer to any question, but as a general proposition, duly considered, weighed, and finally disposed of to every body's satisfaction. The incredulous single gentleman takes in the limited horizon across the way. There is a rotten stoop sustaining a young lady of the slipshod, hair-in-crimp species, who is yawning over her own account of her last hop to a chum in a neighboring basement; and a cluster of boys of mixed colors engaged in the remunerating occupation of pitching pennies in front of a public-school, to the untold aggravation of the cooped-up urchins inside; while brick, red brick of all degrees of age and condition, with a slicing of doors and peppering of windows, fill up the visible remainder. With these symptoms in his eye, he is not quite prepared to accept the proposition of the mirror-topped individual as self-evident. To the single gentleman there is nothing remarkably interesting or novel in a woman down at the heel—which is much the same as observing that he has a wife at home—nor absolutely intoxicating in the game of pennies; though, in this respect, the boys in the school-room seem to differ with him. But he expresses the evasive reply that "it will do," with as much animation as could be expected of a man choosing his mode of death. At the near prospect of a bargain, the mirror-topped gentleman is a

profusion of graces. The little head-light dances madly around the gilded cornices, telegraphing the price to every piece of furniture, and exulting with it on the anticipated head-money. Every whisker assumes an attentive individuality. They say to each other as plainly as if howled through the hands, "Won't we put it to him, though! won't we put it to him!" and squirm and rub each other with congratulatory delight.

I was about to say the gentleman with the little head-light smiled, but it is merely a figure of speech; for no mouth is visible, nor, indeed, if we except a purple-tinted nose and full allowance of forehead, is there any face to speak of. To say that he smiled is to so characterize a subdued twinkle of the brains in the background of the usual receptacle for eyes, and a twitching commotion between the upper and lower whiskers. And though he seemed continually to smile, yet, if put upon your oath, it were too close to perjury to swear it. There is an obstinate frog within hailing distance of his word-exit, that battles for the right of way, and is set aside only by a rasping skirmish of ahems, and in consequence of which there is a disjointed huskiness—a kind of hop-skip-and-jump of words which would make a short-hand reporter sweat blood. With proper deference to this propitiatory urbanity, we may say it is not altogether of a nature calculated to inspire confidence in the yearning bosom of the recipient, and does not now in that of the single gentleman. Having completed his bargain, however, and not being a man to stand upon fancies, he proceeds to give such reference and account of himself as might naturally be required in a well-regulated family. But before he had traced his descent so far as his great-grandfather, he is interrupted with:

"But—ah—eh—ahem! excuse me, ten dollars is all that is necessary."

Then the single gentleman, who is born of poor but respectable parents, manipulates his pocket-book with a sigh. It is always sad to feel that reputation and honesty among strangers compared with dollars is the shorter pole wherewith to reach the persimmons. And though it may seem to trifle with a melancholy truth we are anxiously teaching our children to ignore, I do not hesitate to advise the traveler always to wear his best clothes.

When the luggage arrives, and he pays the railroad company the usual steal for fifteen minutes storage, and fees the expressman for alleged extras, and is solicited for the loan of a half-dollar by the lady of color who brings him towels, the single gentleman is simultaneously initiated into his new home and one of our delightful customs. It is thus, when left alone, he is led to reflect on his bank-account, mechanically estimating on his fingers the probable duration of busi-

ness as bearing on a stated amount of fractional currency. From these not over-cheerful reflections he is startled by two very decided bangs, consequent upon the final disposition of the third-floor-front's boots against the partition, followed by reports of a similar energetic nature from the third-floor-back—a happy exchange of compliments which announces to the inmates of the house and a considerable portion of the world at large that the young gentlemen who occupy these apartments are in for the night. Before the single gentleman is fully satisfied in his mind as to these extraordinary manifestations of the upper crust, a double rap at his own door, and the cautious insertion of a head and shoulders, awaits a further invitation to come in. It was a very blonde head, and had the appearance of having been let out for grazing, the hair was so short, and was attached to the presumable frame-work of a body which in its turn terminated in a pair of legs. The latter were visible, however, only where they extended below a dressing-gown of the most picturesque combination of colors, and entered a pair of last Christmas' slippers, very much depressed in the counters. An apology for what the blonde head is fearful might be considered an unwarranted intrusion, and the request for a match, elicits the response on the part of the single gentleman that it is no intrusion at all, and the assurance that it would confer an indefinite amount of pleasure if the blonde gentleman would remain and finish a cigar with him. Which the blonde gentleman is equally pleased to do; and not only one, but several, to the extinguishment of a well-filled case, and utter demoralization of the highly respectable curtains. As a member of the President's Kitchen Cabinet, of the genus Government clerk, and more particularly of that branch distinguished for constipation of gold and incontinence of paper—the Treasury—the blonde gentleman is a very agreeable companion. His familiarity with the civil service afforded the single gentleman a fair glimpse of the system so extolled abroad and so unjustly execrated at home. It was an excellent system, the gentleman of the Treasury assured him, a system of which he was a fair exponent. He was a politico-aristocratic *appointé*. We might say he was born in the harness, if that term did not inconveniently indicate work, inasmuch as at his birth he was swathed in Government blankets originally intended for the Indians. During his babyhood he had rolled and tumbled on Government carpets, used for a few days on a committee-room and replaced by a newer pattern, while in his boyhood his very trinkets and toys had been issued as Senate stationery, and paid for out of a deficiency bill. While at school, he was borne on the rolls of the Senate as page, and had performed the duties of such to the extent of drawing his salary with commendable regularity and faithfulness. It was not strange that the age of discretion found him the inmate of a Government asylum—a part of the Government machinery. He had a brother at West Point—a cousin in the customs, and an uncle in the Senate. In fact, as far back as his family could be safely traced, some of its members held office under the

State or General Government. It was, therefore, a hereditary right which he came into at an early day. Even his wrinkles, now in the common run amply described as crow's-feet, in him form the significant monogram U. S. T., out of the habit of calculating on various designs on the Treasury; while through his aristocratic skin the blue blood courses in well-defined imitation of the fiber in the new issue of national currency. From this pedestal of observation and experience, the blonde youth materially assisted the evening away, to say nothing of the single gentleman's cigars, regaling him in return with the temptations and trials of official life, and the choicer bits of public scandal, promising to show him round on the morrow. It is only when evening has deepened into the flush of midnight that they part, mutually pleased; the single gentleman to do a little hasty tailoring on the sleeve of care, and his clerical acquaintance to ruminate dreamily on the bearing of the next election on his own official advancement.

To the single gentleman, he had but touched the old-fashioned, fringed pillows, when he was aroused by such an infernal din of gong within doors, and pandemonium of bells and toot-horns and discordant voices without, that it was not until he had staggered to his feet in a convenient bucket of cold slops, and frantically inserted his head in a basin of Potomac water, savoring strongly of *post-mortem* statements of sardines, that he could be said to be fully restored to his normal consciousness, or realize that it was broad day. Then there was such a healthy smell of undisguised Cape Cod turkey permeating every thing, that it was difficult to fix his locality between Boston and Washington—the kicking against the mop-board process of putting on a pair of tight boots in the upper front, settling it in favor of the latter. Upon the whole, it is certainly a strong intimation of breakfast. And, now that he has fairly shaken himself, there is a latent misgiving that it was not a gong after all; but the struggle and displacement of air particles acting on the sympathetic nerves of the ear through the delicate membranes of the nose, as more fully experienced and described by the eminent Tyndall. There is no doubting outside phenomena. The colored oyster-vender, with his tin pail and dipper and army-bugle, is repeated every half-square, and distressingly re-echoed every-where. The intervals of space are animated with female milk-peddlers with their little oil-cans, bobbing in and out of basements and back-yards in the most eccentric manner—going off half-cocked unexpectedly, like muskets when their owners shut one eye and gaze reflectively into them to see whether they are loaded—and popping out of dark alleys, like champagne corks, impatiently anticipated but always startling; while the intervals of music are gorged with cries of "O-y-s-ters," so stuffed, as it were, with "r-a-g-s," and overflowing with milk and coal and umbrellas, in such astounding and indigestible confusion, that the single gentleman requires a vigorous slap on the back, as if he were a naughty baby holding its breath, to call his attention to a waiting breakfast. It was the blonde youth. Now, whether this familiarity was a

spiritual manifestation due to an investigation of the contents of a black bottle which decorated that scion's mantel, and which he denominated "tonic," or was owing to the excitement consequent on the investiture of the tight boots aforesaid, it was reluctantly accepted as one of the cosmopolitan customs for which the Capital is so distinguished. Indeed, there was little time for consideration, since the gentleman of the Treasury immediately, and with an astonishing disregard of preliminaries, entered upon a hurried explanation (so closely confidential that the theory of the black bottle was at once confirmed), of how the "regulars" had been cheated out of the first course by the "day-boarders"—an unprincipled set of fellows, who loafed about free-lunches and kitchen-windows long before gentlemen were up—who assembled in the little back-parlor, and, by virtue of such advantage, cut off the third, fourth, and fifth floors by a preconcerted rush on the dining-room; and how, to hold their own—in fact, to hold any thing—the "regulars" were compelled to hang around the back stairs under various pretenses, and from there make a sudden descent, which was a constant surprise to the landlady and her assistants, not to mention the effect on the catables. Of course it was unnecessary to warn his friend, the single gentleman, that for those who came late in a house of twenty-five boarders (most of whom took "tonic"), where a table was set for twenty-one and a half (the half being a dyspeptic), that— The symptoms of a gong broke this important disclosure, by causing the active peregrination of a pair of tight boots in the direction of the rear hall, closely followed by the single gentleman, to whose perceptions the conclusions did not require more positive demonstration. Swinging himself over the hand-rail, and descending an indefinite number of steps at a time, the blonde youth led the perilous way with a bravery seldom witnessed except in a retreat upon the base of supplies. With a great slamming of doors and shuffling of feet, the "regulars," male and female, come trooping down, an anxious aggregation of appetite, in response to the R. S. V. P. of the kitchen. There is such a chattering and mincing along the halls, such an unconscionable rattle of hoop-skirts on the stairways—as from the bad little boys who live (and, let us hope, sometimes die) by dragging lath along area railings—as might naturally be attributed to a boarding-house bouquet of hungry souls, were it not for the solemn placidity of countenance which characterizes each arrival. The mirror-topped gentleman stands beside his chair at the head of the table, very much like a cavalryman at the order, "Prepare to mount," with one foot in stirrup and hand in his horse's mane, his little reflector shifting uneasily at each fresh comer, as if fearing a possible miscalculation on the marketing, which should leave something over. The landlady, who had already mounted at the opposite end, and is in the act of stimulating her Pegasus by carefully distributing a decoction, probably known as coffee, in absence of a similarity to any other beverage, is undisturbed by any such symptoms of remorse. Nobody knows better than she how far scraps may be

past together and made to polish off a dinner—except her boarders. During the night her head appears to have swollen out of all bounds. In contrast with that of the wife of the dyspeptic gentleman, who always wears her hair *au naturel* in the Modoc style, with a lock conveniently at large for scalping purposes, and the head of the young married lady, who permits hers to straggle indifferently over her chair-back, it seemed to fill all available space. Her neck is encircled with a modest band of velvet, with the surprising effect of a similar decoration about the middle of a telegraph-pole. Her gooseberry eyes are strained in their sockets, see every plate, and take the measure of every mouthful. The table is placed bias with a very small dining-room, so as to bring out the full strength of the company, and subject every body to the inquisitorial fire of the interrogatory eyes. There is a sort of fascination in this hash Madonna which so affects a first acquaintance as materially to enhance the profits of the first month's board. Over the timid old gentleman, who sits farthest off (by request), she exercises perfect control. "Beefsteak-liver-or-fish," says the girl, with a decided accent on the last syllable. He sometimes ventured to say beefsteak; but it was always noticed he got fish. So disconcerted is the single gentleman, that liver is laid before him when he was morally certain he had ordered steak; while he is so confused by being detected putting the napkin in his pocket, that he can not be positive whether his warm drink is tea or coffee. Nor does it lighten his embarrassment when the blonde youth nudges him, and observes, in a black-bottle whisper, that the single gentleman would be charmed to see her in low-neck and short sleeves; which remark, being overheard by the young married lady, who is of the pigeon style of architecture, contributes immensely to her amusement. Even the dyspeptic gentleman—usually devoted to a critical dissertation on tomatoes cooked without bread, in opposition to his wife, who is willing to sacrifice her scalp for tomatoes cooked with bread—is for a single moment diverted with the novelty of this suggestion. But his wife, who is the recognized leader of the tomatoes-with-bread party, now trembling on the brink of a majority, skillfully moves on the new-comer by circulating the plate containing that vegetable with bread, at which the tomatoes-without-bread party turn up their anti-bread noses with visible agitation. Whether through predisposition, innocence, or the tact to side with the stronger, that gentleman accepted, and was immediately set down as an accession to the ranks of the tomatoes-with-bread party. Which was providential, he was afterward assured by the blonde youth, inasmuch as the subject of tomatoes had some unfortunate connection with the clearing on the pate of the mirror-topped landlord, had brought death and dissolution to the housekeeping of the dyspeptic gentleman, and which had swallowed the more eminent consideration of gravy or no gravy, and broken an engagement between the fourth-floor-front and the wing; in short, had bid fair to help matters in the direction of the demnition bow-wows.

MURRAY.

## Editor's Table.

"BOSH!" said Jinks, in our office, the other day, in tones explosive, somewhere about half-way between the pop of a champagne-bottle and the crack of a horse-pistol. Jinks is small, thin-voiced, mild, usually, as Fénelon, Fletcher, the Vicar of Wakefield, Mr. Pickwick, or any other world-renowned type of gentleness and good-nature. We turned upon Jinks a look of surprise. He was nervously twitching his spectacles up and down over his rigidly corrugated forehead and tightly knit brows, and whirling like a waltzer in our favorite pivotal office-chair, to the manifest danger of wrecking that useful institution.

"What's the matter?" we said, in a voice as oily and soothing as we could command.

"Matter," he echoed, in those husky tones which novelists always put into the throats of their heroes at moments particularly tragic; "read that!" and he pointed to a very innocent-looking paragraph in a secular daily.

A "venerable bishop" had "struck into politics," and said: "I want the day to come when women will vote. Without their vote I fear we will never ['reporter's English,' interrupted Jinks] be able to put down the houses of infamy and liquor-saloons of our country. We can't get along without the women voting. ['Reporter's English again,' growled Jinks.] It is not good for man to be alone."

"Well, what of all that?" we said. "Don't you believe in the abstract right of woman to vote?"

"Abstract fiddlesticks!" cried Jinks. "There are no abstractions in social problems; and this wish of the venerable prelate is one of the concretest he could possibly have uttered. He wants the women to vote, not because it is an 'abstract right,' but to accomplish a specific purpose."

"Will not woman's vote tend powerfully to aid in the accomplishment of that purpose?"

"Not a bit of it," snarled Jinks.

"Your reasons?" we mildly suggested.

"The expectation that the vote of the country will be instantly purified the minute woman gets to the polls, is based upon assumptions; and the advocates of female suffrage will not hold still long enough to see their baselessness. They assume that woman is purer than man."

"Is n't that true?"

"Yes, of the women with whom they are acquainted; but not of the masses who will crowd the polls, any more than of the males who throng the dirty and disgusting quarters where ballot-boxes are sure to be located. Lady voters are not likely to be furnished with carpeted parlors to vote in. Man is corrupted through weakness, personal influence, interest, ambition; woman will be corrupted as easily as man, by all these motive powers,

re-enforced by her two great ruling forces, vanity and religion."

"Don't you think woman will vote honestly and religiously?"

"In so far as she is intelligently honest and religious, she will. So will man; but the vote of the country is largely in the hands of the dishonest, the unscrupulous, and irreligious. As lobbyists, women are probably more numerous, more corrupt, and more corrupting than men. Is it to be expected, then, that they will be any purer as voters than as lobbyists?"

"No," we said, reflectively.

"Votes go by influence. When a man is up for office, be he honest or be he rogue or scoundrel, all his female relatives and friends will vote for him, of course. Votes go by interest. Women have interests, ends to secure, 'axes to grind.' They will secure these personally, or in the persons of pet candidates. The liquor interest, for instance, is powerfully controlling in all our elections. It is assumed by the 'venerable bishop,' and thousands of others, that the vote of woman will bring in the millennium of total abstinence and universal prohibition."

"Won't it? seeing woman is so great a sufferer by the evils of intemperance?"

"Pshaw!" said Jinks, with impatience; "don't you see that, among women as well as among men, where one is injured morally, ten are profited pecuniarily? that fortunes are made, houses built, educations obtained, the luxuries of dress, society, and rich living are furnished, by the liquor business, and that the wives and daughters of manufacturers and venders, whether wholesale or retail, are not going to vote against a traffic that furnishes their livelihood, because that traffic burdens society with taxes, and beggars here and there a family?"

"On election days, the haunts of vice will marshal their vile forces at the polls. Respectable women will shudder to mix with the polluted crowd, to listen to the profane and ribald talk, to come in contact with the coarse brutality of the reckless and abandoned of the sex."

"Then, look again at the foreign element that rules our cities. In New York, nearly every other individual is a foreigner, about every other voter is foreign-born; foreign votes, by adding brute-force to numerical, hold the balance of power, and New York is a foreign-governed city. Multiplication of voters will not purify the vote; add the female vote to the male in New York City, and you only create a race of female Tweeds and Sweeneys to plunder the people, and riot and fatten on the public finances. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, and other leading cities have a heavy infusion of the foreign element; the foreign vote is



powerfully controlling, foreign women are like foreign men in politics and principles, and the addition of foreign women to foreign men at the polls would not change the relative position of parties. If Southern women, before the war, had had a vote, would that vote have been cast against slavery? Let the conduct of Southern women during the Rebellion, and since, answer that question. Take the two or three great questions which it is thought the vote of the virtuous women of America might settle, and look at them in the light of probabilities—the Sunday question, for instance. Foreign women would vote as strenuously as foreign men for the introduction of the laxity of Continental Europe in the observance of the Christian Sabbath. Women who do not object to whisky, and who love lager-beer, would not be likely to vote to close the liquor-saloons on the Lord's-day. The exclusion of the Bible from the schools would be voted for by female infidels, Jews, and Romanists just as certainly as by male opposers of the Holy Word. The destruction of the common-school system, division of school funds, and the erection of sectarian schools, would be just as fervidly voted for by Romanist women as by Romanist men, and all the more fervidly from the greater power which superstitions and priests exercise over the female sex. The overthrow of republican institutions and the establishment of an absolute State and Church oligarchy, with Pope and priests at its head, will be even more strenuously labored for by women than by men. In short," said Jinks, "we increase the material area without increasing the moral power. It may not be 'good for man to be alone;' but unless he has better company than he seems likely to have in crowds of female panderers to interest, ambition, vice, vanity, and superstition, he may be better off in singleness and isolation."

Jinks was in earnest, and while he did not entirely convince us that the "venerable bishop" was not right, and that women ought not to vote, we could not help the fear, while he delivered himself of this hot harangue, that our office-chair would be screwed out of joint by his violent gyrations.

**INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITIONS.**—We visited three of these mammoth collections of the works of industry and art, of late—the Cincinnati, Chicago, and Louisville. If you wish to see nothing, assemble every thing in one place, and your wish will be gratified. Distraction creates abstraction, and one wanders through these wildernesses of mechanism and agricultural and mechanical productions, and jams and squeezes his way through surging crowds, with scarcely any consciousness save that of mental confusion and bodily weariness. In its rough and rambling halls, Cincinnati made the greatest show of machinery, flowers, and pictures; albeit the courtesy of its directors toward this office was in marked contrast with that of the managers of the Musical Festival of May last. Chicago made the greatest spread under a single eye-glance, an oval hall, eight hundred feet long, which we shrewdly suspect is intended for a skating rink or a railroad depot. Louisville

exhibited the most tasteful arrangement in the fountain and grotto of its main hall, and in that it gave a premium to ticket-holders, and relieved the weariness of tramping through an endless wilderness of clatter and parade of artisanship, by giving, several times a day, a live exhibition of Punch and Judy! Industrial expositions are, perhaps, a slight improvement on country fairs. Both give holidays, and help to relieve rustics of their loose cash, and to beguile the tedium of every-day existence.

**EMBURY MONUMENT.**—The Local Preachers' Association, through the indefatigable efforts of Rev. Arthur Mooney and others, has at length got the relics of Philip Embury properly monumented, at Cambridge, New York, with a granite memorial, at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars. This poor carpenter preacher led rather a peaceful life, and died a peaceful death; but his bones have had rather a hard time of it, having been twice exhumed and reburied, with processions, and speeches from John N. Maffit, Bishop James, Bishop Simpson, and other orators. We hope that the itinerant bones of the unrestful saint are now weighted with a pile that nothing but the blast of the final trumpet can heave from its foundations. Any future disturbance of this man should be voted a sacrilege. Henceforth "*placida composuit pace quiescat*,"—*requiescat—requiescat!*

**EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—Another session of the Alliance of Protestant Christians was held in New York in October last. It was the greatest and most successful of any yet had, and has been justly denominated the Protestant Ecumenical Council. It was a great and good meeting of great and good men, and will have great and good results in both hemispheres and throughout the world. Organic union is probably not desirable for the various Christian denominations of the world, but fellowship is; and our own theory has been, to make the basis as broad and inclusive as possible; and hence we deprecate all formulating of articles and creeds as bases of unions. Let denominations do these things for themselves; but let the various Churches of God settle these matters between God and their own consciences. No one Church has a monopoly of truth; no one is free from error. Each one deems itself the depositor of some great truth which it regards as essential, and perhaps all the others deem this same truth absolutely non-essential. "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty." Essentials are few; non-essentials, legion. Who shall decide? Not evangelical alliances—conscience and the Word.

**SPECULATION.**—The terrible money-crash of October, produced by Wall Street gambling, occasioned great stress in the business world, and great distress among the laboring classes. We need such a check every now and then to save us from extravagance. The world is coming slowly to understand and acknowledge that baseless speculation is as much a crime as gambling; and the day will soon be when stock-gamblers will have no place in the Christian Church, any more than hard drinkers or the keepers of faro-banks and whisky saloons.

DECEMBER, 1873.

# The Ladies' Repository



Helen R. S. McFarland  
Box 114

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